

PUNCH or The London Charivari—May 18

6^D

PUNCH



Vol. CCXXVIII

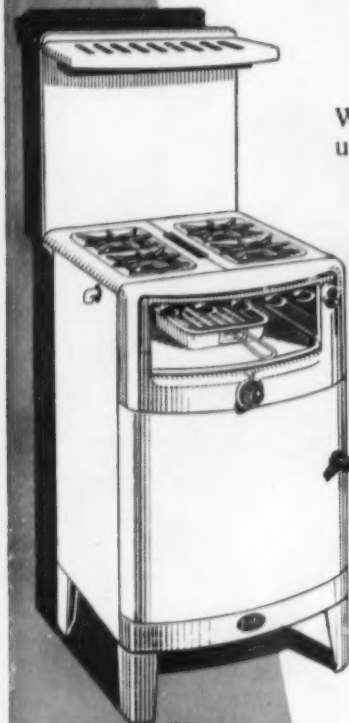
No. 5984

May 18
1955

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4.



Better cooking better looking!



With a "larger than usual oven," fast efficient burners and a capacious grilling space this delightful **bow-fronted** cooker gives really good service for a modest price. From your local gas showrooms on attractive hire purchase terms.

The **FLAVEL '68'**

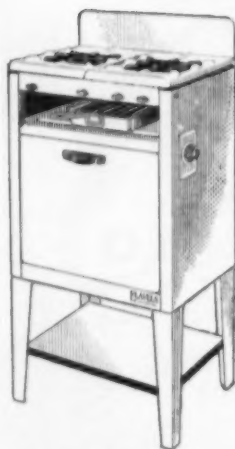
Britain's
most popular priced
cooker

*and for
the small
kitchen
or flat...*

The IMP

This compact and efficient cooker is just the right size for a family up to four. Features include a drop oven door and two fast boiling burners. Finished in high quality cream vitreous enamel. Like the '68' this cooker is available on attractive hire purchase terms—see it at your local showrooms.

Both cookers are available for Color Gas



FLAVELS
of LEAMINGTON

Makers of fine cooking and heating appliances since 1777



Whatever the pleasure
Player's complete it

[NCC 863K]



Servis
REGISTERED TRADE MARK



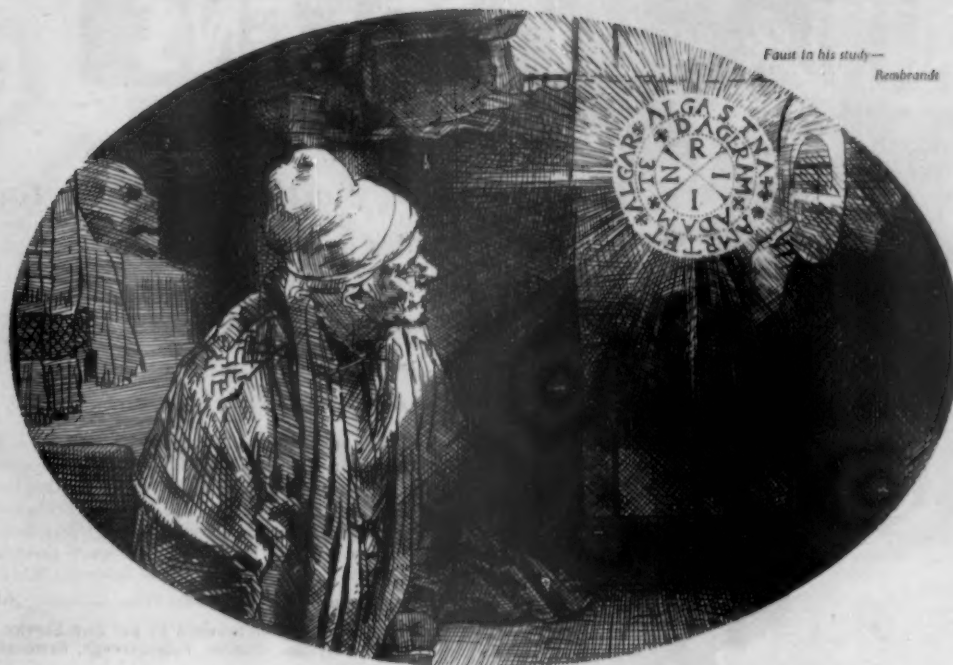
Superheat
at its
**NEW
PRICE**

£9!14-0

£81-16-3
TAX PAID

offers you value
unrivalled amongst
luxury washers

SERVIS ELECTRIC WASHERS LTD., (DEPT. P) DARLASTON - S. STAFFS.



Foult in his study—
Rembrandt

Man loves to wonder, and that is the seed of his science—

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803—1882)

Ever since he watched his first meteor trail, man has been wondering — about what makes the sky stay up, or why a kettle-lid jumps. From his first uncertain, casual thoughts whole branches of science have been born, and great industries have sprung. His ideas have become facts, and his facts have guided nations.

In the research departments of modern industry today, scientists are experimenting and speculating. Molecular structure, the behaviour of light, the mysteries of temperature — their study of these problems helps to sow the seeds for new sciences tomorrow, and to build finer products today. In the great world of man's economic creation, his power to wonder is the secret of his power to advance.



Esso Petroleum Company, Limited



GREENS

the mower

with the velvet touch . . .

that promises
the luxury and joy
of treading
a rich carpet
of velvet lawn . . .

. . . a promise that will be fulfilled when you put your lawns into the gentle care of a Greens MASTER Lightweight. Available in 14 inch, 17 inch and 20 inch sizes with a Villiers 98 cc. engine. Only two controls—throttle and clutch. Instantaneous KICKSTART. Cutting unit easily removed for regrading when necessary. Greens Heavy-duty MASTER Motor Mowers for larger lawns, parks and sports grounds are made in sizes up to 36 inch. Write for our folder on Greens MASTER Motor Mowers.

Attractive Hire Purchase Terms available. Ask your dealer.

After-Sales service provided by our own Service Depots at Exeter, Birmingham, Chester, Peterborough, Newcastle, Dumbarton.

Lightweight Motor Mower

GREENS MASTER

THOMAS GREEN & SON LIMITED

SMITHFIELD IRONWORKS

LEEDS, 2 and

NEW SURREY WORKS

SOUTHWARK STREET

LONDON

S.E.1

Manufacturers of precision-built motor and hand lawn mowers

ANGOSTURA

adds **ZEST**
to Foods & Drinks



ANGOSTURA

AROMATIC BITTERS

ANGOSTURA BITTERS (Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons) Ltd. Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

E.G. TRY this . . .

Take three sparkling dashes of ANGOSTURA aromatic bitters, dash them into a 3oz. glass, add Gin and Orange in your favourite proportions and SIP!



BUCKWYN

The World's most economical
warehouse

As adopted by the Admiralty, Ministry of Works, Ministry of Supply and Foreign Governments. Frame construction in tubular steel and high tensile cable, Buckwyn metal tiled in aluminium or steel with or without insulation for all climatic conditions. Complete buildings from 7/6 sq. ft. delivered on site or F.O.B. or 9/- sq. ft. erected.

PATENTED
BUILDINGS
Areas
10,000 to
50,000 sq. ft.
Spans
63 ft. to 120 ft.

BUCKWYN CONSTRUCTIONS LTD. TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND

Full particulars from
Dept.: 12

Tel.:
Wargrave 310

BUCKWYN

WINS IN THE RACE FOR ECONOMY



By Appointment to the late King George VI
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers
The Rover Co. Ltd



It's revealing to drive a ROVER . . .

You'll be astonished at the way the car takes rough surfaces smoothly in its stride. Ruts and potholes seem almost non-existent as the car glides over them.

You'll enjoy having both pace and quiet at your command. Even at high speeds, engine and transmission noise has been reduced almost to vanishing point.

You'll appreciate the infinite care and thought that have been paid to the comfort of driver and passengers.

You'll feel confident even in the thickest and trickiest traffic, because a Rover is such a well-bred, obedient car to handle.

The Rover co-ordinated suspension system allows plenty of vertical road wheel movement, while spring tensions and shock absorber settings ensure a smooth ride. The central bearing to the propeller shaft checks 'whip' and vibration.

The special cylinder head design of Rover engines sets the Rover pace, whilst the extensive use of rubber pads and mountings, spraying with sound-absorbing material and heavy carpeting make the naturally quiet engine almost inaudible.

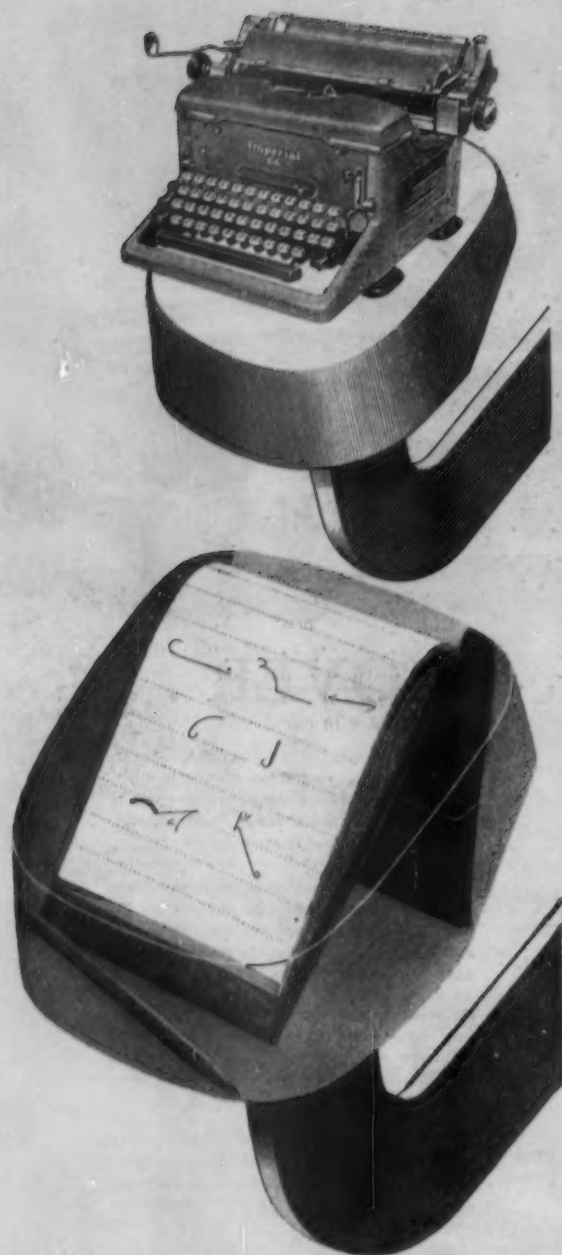
All passengers sit well within the wheelbase, with front seat adjustable for height and rake and wide centre arm rests front and rear. Heating, demisting, ventilating and draught-proofing are exceptionally efficient.

Direct central gear change with synchromesh on 2nd, 3rd and top, controlled free wheel for clutchless changes and well-planned dashboard layout make clumsy handling of a Rover practically impossible.

ROVER

Sixty • Seventy-Five • Ninety

Body and chassis are identical throughout the Rover range. However, three different engine sizes give motorists a made-to-measure service in which design and workmanship are uniformly high. New features common to all 1955 models include re-shaped luggage boot, larger rear window and flashing type direction indicators.



Quick work—well done

Ask a girl who has once used an Imperial '66' what typewriter she would ask for if she had a free choice. A machine that does the work quickly, cleanly, and with good manners; a machine that lets her away on the dot in the evenings. An Imperial '66' in fact. Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd. Leicester and Hull.

Imperial

typewriters

You know what you're getting



What a grand glass of beer! Soft creamy head and clear, amber brilliance to the last drop. Refreshing even to look at, but how much better to drink!

Whitbread's Pale Ale is brewed with a skill that comes from long experience. Wherever you buy it—at the pub, the club, or from the off-licence to take home—you know you can rely on the quality and on its splendid condition.

It may cost you a copper or two more than some beers. But that, surely, is a small price to pay for the best. You will never be disappointed—



when you ask for a
WHITBREAD
the best of the light ales

ECCLES

Superlative 6

The most comprehensive range of Caravans ever offered; produced by a world-famous Company who have made Caravan history.

Caravans cleverly designed to give maximum space, superb comfort and luxurious furnishings with a choice of upholstery and exterior colours from the standard range.

ECCLES (BIRMINGHAM) LTD
DEPT. 99 BIRMINGHAM

	CORONET	10' 0"
	BOUNTY	12' 0"
	ALERT	14' 0"
	DEMOCRAT	16' 6"
	EVERSURE	18' 6"
	FORTUNE	22' 0"

Write for illustrated leaflets

ECCLES

... contacting Samson Clarks

was the wisest move we ever made ...



... made every penny of our appropriation do a full job of work. I'd no idea so little would stretch so far ...

... wealth of experience in handling new products. They approached our problem as enthusiastically as though we were their first client—and one or two suggestions they put forward have saved us ...

... always heard that Samson Clarks employ a first-class creative team. Now I know it's true. Press advertisements, leaflets, showcards—all imaginatively designed and all exactly in tune with our ...

Samson Clarks have acted for some of their most important clients for more than twenty-five years. Yet, significantly, they have recently been appointed by several young and progressive companies. To every client—old and new—they offer the experience gained during nearly sixty years as a leading London agency, plus the vigorous, up-to-the-minute ideas of a young and enthusiastic staff. Samson Clarks—the complete agency service—inspires confidence because it has all the facilities under one roof. So whether your advertising problems call for a modest expenditure in a few selected media, or a nation-wide campaign embracing press, cinema, radio and television, they can be handled completely—and confidentially—within the Samson Clark organisation.

SAMSON CLARK ADVERTISING

INCORPORATED PRACTITIONERS IN ADVERTISING

57-61 MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telephone: MUSeum 5050

Financial Advertising Division:

39 KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2 Telephone: MONarch 1233

Comfort in Style...

S-h-u-s-h, he *can* take things easy in his Grandees slacks, they're just *made* to relax in! Cut from fine worsteds, gaberdines and corduroys, they keep their 'hang' and shape for years. They also keep your shirt where it belongs with a cunningly woven rubber waistband. Choose your Grandees from a variety of shades—with or without matching belt—and give yourself a real leg-up in looks!

PRICES RANGE FROM 3 GNS. TO 4 GNS.
FROM ALL GOOD MEN'S SHOPS

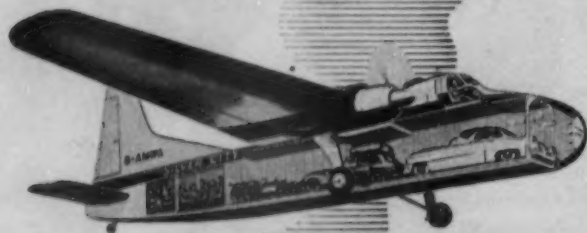
Grandees

Slacks for men

—guaranteed by GOR-RAY

GRANDEES LIMITED · NEW BOND STREET · LONDON · W.1

FOR YOU AND YOUR CAR



SILVER CITY AIR FERRY

Easily

the best way to
the Continent or Northern Ireland

New 20 page Brochure now available from your travel agent or direct from
SILVER CITY AIRWAYS LTD., 11 St. Cumberland Place, London, W.1. Pad 7040



ROLLAWAY

THE WORLD FAMOUS LIGHTWEIGHT HAT IDEAL FOR BUSINESS
YET CASUAL ENOUGH TO WEAR WITH SPORTS CLOTHES

CHRISTYS' HATS

Obtainable from men's shops everywhere

Address of nearest stockist from: 8-10 Lower James Street, London, W.1.



*when
the clans
gather,*

its

Grants

STAND FAST WHISKY

WILLIAM GRANT & SONS LTD. DISTILLERS. SCOTLAND



BP TAKES THE LOAD

WHEREVER A TRUCK may be in this country or on the Continent, it is never very far from the familiar green and yellow BP Shield.

Fourteen BP refineries in eight countries produce high-grade fuels and lubricants for

diesel vehicles. They help to keep the wheels of transport turning in Britain, in Europe and in countries as far apart as Iceland and Australia.

The BP sign is a symbol of service throughout the world.

The BP Shield is the symbol of the world-wide organisation of



The British Petroleum Company Limited

whose products include BP Super Motor Spirit and BP Special Energol 'Visco-static' Motor Oil



TO EAT YOUR CHILDREN . . .

h . . . would cause gossip nowadays, and would be hopelessly old-fashioned to boot. The practice really went out with SATURN, who gulped the kids greedily until his wife (making rings round him, you might say) gave him boulders instead.

SATURN has nine moons, which is plenty, also a feast called Saturnalia, a day called Saturday, an equatorial diameter of 75,000 miles and a saturnine temperament. It was probably the sudden change of diet that made him cold, quarrelsome and melancholy—either that or being the god of farmers.

It made him restless and a wanderer, too, which is an occupational disease with all planets: all, that is, except the uniquely immovable

PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY (EST: 1848).

Whether it is £5 or £5,000, your money must be safe, productive and accessible. It is all three in the PLANET.

1 Planet House, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2

HOW MUCH MONEY ARE YOU WASTING ON FUEL?

The heat energy from at least
5 million tons of coal
evades British Industry every year!

Anglo American Productivity Report on Fuel Conservation

VERY few industrial firms are run as economically as they could be with better thermal insulation. Factories all over Great Britain are eating up fuel in a way that saps both their own profits and the nation's economy. Maximum fuel saving and the economical distribution of heat energy depend largely upon first-class insulation. Indeed, improved thermal insulation can save up to nine-tenths of present heat losses.



THE CHEMICAL AND INSULATING CO. LTD., plays a major role in reclaiming heat energy previously dissipated through inefficient insulation. This leading organisation in the specialised field of thermal insulation maintains sales and contracting offices throughout Great Britain. It manufactures insulating materials, for sale in bulk or in pre-fabricated shapes; for temperatures as high as 2000° F. The head office or your nearest branch office will be pleased to answer any enquiries.



THE DARLINGTON INSULATION CO. LTD., a subsidiary company of The Chemical & Insulating Co. Ltd., is a contracting organisation for the supply and installation of all types of heat, cold, or sound insulation. Power Stations, Oil Refineries, Shipping and Industrial Plants are all achieving higher efficiency per ton of fuel since consulting this company. Requirements are so diverse that each problem is individually studied, to ensure an efficient, economical and lasting installation.



IPSCOL LTD., another subsidiary company, make automatic industrial process control equipment, and **S. T. TAYLOR & SONS LTD.** make sheet metal and light plate structures and casings for all types of insulation.

**THE
CHEMICAL & INSULATING
CO. LTD
DARLINGTON**

SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

The Darlington Insulation Co. Ltd., Newcastle upon Tyne
For all types of insulation against heat, cold and sound

S. T. Taylor & Sons Ltd., Gateshead-on-Tyne
Fabricators in sheet metal and light plate

The British Refrasil Co. Ltd., Stillington, Co. Durham
Lightweight high temperature insulation for the aircraft industry

Ipscol Ltd., Hythe, Southampton
Makers of boiler and industrial process equipment



Take a memo, said the chairman, copies to directors, export executives and the fashionable world and its wife. . . TWA have just added a new service to America . . . here is the perfect timing . . .



. . . London 9 p.m. A warm welcome to the gracious comfort of a Constellation (note: TWA has the biggest fleet of them in the world) . . . with every member of the crew in a friendly conspiracy to prepare you for . . .



. . . dinnertime, which is five courses long, with a five-star wine-list on the side (no extra charge, and no tipping by order). After that you simply sit back, relax and enjoy yourself until you are ready for . . .



. . . bedtime, which, for a modest surcharge, you can celebrate in a sleeping-berth of your own, or, without charge, cradled in your chaise-longue. . . Your next luxury is arriving in the pink of condition at . . .



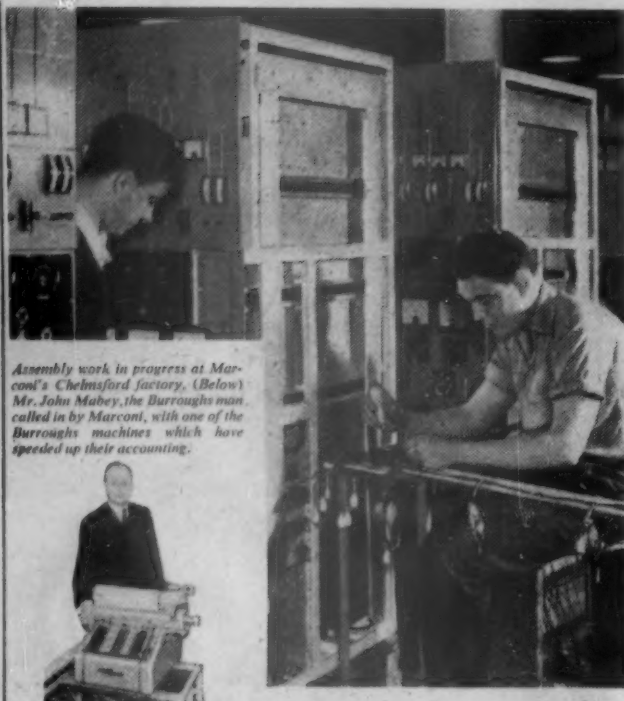
. . . New York 8 a.m., with all America before you (and all TWA's widespread American organisation ready to serve you). Cost of flying on The New Yorker? Simply, the normal first-class fare . . . underline that . . .

FLY TWA TO USA

TRANS WORLD AIRLINES USA-EUROPE-AFRICA-ASIA



For full details of this and other TWA services from London to 60 U.S. cities and particulars of TWA's Air Travel Plan (for business travellers), or TWA's Time Pay Plan (for travel now and payment later), see your travel agent, or phone Trans World Airlines, 200 Piccadilly, W.1. TRAlager 1234, TWA Manchester, BLAckfriars 4545.



Assembly work in progress at Marconi's Chelmsford factory. (Below) Mr. John Mabey, the Burroughs man called in by Marconi, with one of the Burroughs machines which have speeded up their accounting.

This man helped Marconi gear their accounting to rising production

HE IS ONE OF Burroughs' world-wide team of mechanized accounting consultants. This is the story:

Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company Limited export radio, electronic and heavy television equipment to the world. The demand for Marconi products increases every month.

At their Chelmsford factory, they needed to expand their accounting procedures in order to cope with the mass of extra work.

Marconi's decided to call in the Burroughs man, an experienced consultant on all accounting and record-keeping systems. Mr. John Mabey is the specialist sent by Burroughs.

A FULL ANALYSIS

Working closely with the Deputy Chief Accountant at Chelmsford, Mr. Mabey applied his experience to the problem. After a full analysis of the existing system they evolved a new plan, based on the speed and versatility of Burroughs Sensimatic Accounting Machines.

The plan was adopted. Now all Marconi's accounting is in line with their increased production. And

Works Payroll is completed in *less than a day*; the same machines take Salaried Staff Payroll in their stride. Costing is now done on a single 15" card which shows eight running totals, hours, labour, overheads, purchased materials, manufactured materials, processes, aggregate balance and net balance.

Whatever your business, large or small—if you have an accounting problem, the Burroughs man can help you solve it. He will make a full analysis and suggest the most economical and *workable* solution. If he thinks no change is advisable he will frankly say so. But if he does recommend a change he will plan the new routine in detail, and see that you always get the full benefit from any Burroughs machine you install. Call in the Burroughs man as soon as you like—you're committed to nothing and his advice is free.

Burroughs make the world's widest range of Adding, Calculating, Accounting, Billing and Statistical Machines and Microfilm Equipment. Burroughs Adding Machine Limited, Avon House, 356-366 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

For specialist advice on mechanized accounting methods

call in the **Burroughs** man



African Adventure

One of the most interesting and exciting films ever made by the J. Arthur Rank Organisation is SIMBA. It sets the Kenya problem in its own surroundings, and examines it in simple and sincere terms. Film critics have welcomed it with such phrases as:

'A story that packs thrill upon thrill' —SUNDAY DISPATCH

'A fine, horribly exciting film' —SUNDAY EXPRESS

'Powerful, intelligent, and intensely moving' —SUNDAY EMPIRE NEWS

'Ninety-nine nerve-shaking minutes' —LONDON'S EVENING STANDARD

A POWER TO BE RECKONED WITH

SIMBA is splendid entertainment. It is also a film whose values emerge naturally—without the help of propaganda—because it is made with sincerity and understanding.

Many such outstanding films have been made by the Rank Group; and because of this responsible approach to picture-making, British films have become more than first-class entertainment. They have become as vital a means of communication as the Press and radio.

Films like THE CRUEL SEA, MANDY, MALTA STORY and SIMBA are seen and enjoyed by millions, not only for the dramatic stories they tell, but for the ideas and ideals expressed within them.

Their effect is so far-reaching that it can never be accurately assessed.

So this Group takes its responsibilities seriously—and is proud to have the resources to make such pictures and show them to the world.



'MALTA STORY'

'The atmosphere is terrific . . . the film grips till it hurts'

SUNDAY DISPATCH



'MANDY'

'No-one has suggested so powerfully the bewilderment, fears and angry rebellion of a child imprisoned by silence in a frightened private world'

DAILY TELEGRAPH



'THE CRUEL SEA'

'A film which will thrill the world and of which Britain can be very proud'

SUNDAY PICTORIAL



THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

An Outstanding Advance

It will not surprise any of the countless Gillette shavers, that Gillette should introduce a shaving cream. Indeed, the only thing that might occasion surprise is that they should not have done so before. Only after years of research were formulas evolved which measure up to the exacting standards they have set. To-day Gillette bring to your notice their new Shaving Creams — lather or brushless — confident that here is a major achievement, worthy of the Blue Gillette Blade and the Gillette Razor.

The GLUCOSE in it gives you GO

Go ahead, get ahead, stay ahead with a refreshing drink of Robinson's Squash. Not only is it the SWEETER Squash—it's the finest way to stay well ahead of weariness. Robinson's Squash contains glucose—nature's quickest-acting energy restorer, giving renewed vitality when you need it—and as you like it. When you're feeling 'all-in' . . . take time out for the real refreshment of Robinson's Squash—the energy-giving fruit drink for the whole family.

*Before you say
SQUASH—say*

Robinson's

3/- ORANGE—LEMON—GRAPEFRUIT

Made by Robinson's of Barley Water fame



CVS-29

-ABDULLA -

MAKE

THE BEST

VIRGINIA

CIGARETTES*

Punch, May 18 1955

DAKS

news



New cloths and new colours for Daks in 1955! The lighterweights—pinline and pinpoint for instance—for these times when more and more men holiday abroad. And for heavier weight Daks the new Aircord, handsome, hard-wearing cloth with a fine corded surface—right for the country. Yet perhaps the biggest news about Daks is the oldest news of all, their quality remains the same. Good looks, good wear and great comfort. *You can always tell Daks.*

Simpson

TAILORED

AUSTIN A30 SEVEN: 2 or 4 doors. Over 60 m.p.h., over 40 m.p.g. Room for four (or two adults and three children) plus luggage.



Austin beauty is more than skin deep

THE gleaming beauty of an Austin is more than skin deep. It's *seven* skins deep! For every Austin gets seven finishes (besides the bitumastic applied to some parts for sound insulation).

First, the 'bonderising'—a chemical process that impregnates the steel body surface and protects it against rust from stem to stern, inside and out. Then a dip coat of primer. Then two coats of orange primer. Next a special 'filler' coat. Finally two coats of glossy enamel, oven-baked for hardness. Result: a lustrous sheen that stays new-looking for years.

What does it cost! Add to these seven main processes the many intermediate steps: rinsing, 'scuffing', oven-drying, dust-sealing. Then consider the cost. Nearly a million pounds are invested in the huge Roto-dip and paint plants at Longbridge. Machinery moves the car bodies smoothly through these plants. Rinsing, dipping, drying and baking take place automatically.

And the point of it all—Why all this care and trouble? Why this lavish equipment? It is done to make sure every Austin is a superb job. To give every Austin owner a car that will go on looking showroom-fresh for years.



TO TEST THE SEVEN SKINS

Every batch of paint that forms part of the seven skins of an Austin is put through a merciless investigation. At Longbridge are Humidity Chambers that simulate the worst conditions encountered out of doors—the repeated heavy dews of the tropics—and weatherometers that produce concentrated sunshine. In these 'torture chambers' the ravages of years are compressed into weeks. Paint that survives is not merely pretty—it's pretty good!

AUSTIN

—you can depend on it!

REMEMBER—Quality and dependability are guaranteed by the B.M.C. Used-Car Warranty and you are certain of a good deal when you sell.



THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED · LONGBRIDGE · BIRMINGHAM

4-stroke goes to mow



You might say that the great thing about the new Suffolk 'Punch' motor-mower is the engine—quiet, powerful (1.1 h p) and, because it is a four-stroke, very easily started. But then you might say the price was the thing. Or then again, you might plump for the one-lever control (clutch is automatic). Other things that might be said: instantly adjustable and detachable 14" cutting cylinder; 1 pint/hour consumption; chain drive; 3 year guarantee; superb finish; outstanding lawn-mower

33½ gns. Carriage free

RIOTOUS PROFUSION

At this time of year, our gardening department is almost over-fertile. A heavy undergrowth of lawn-mowers and sweepers almost hides the ingenious Shay 'Roto-gardener'—a midget power cultivator (£49. 10. 0). Wilkinson's shears (32/6, post 2/-) make a brave showing, thanks to their tapered elegance. And Paradise Outdoor Freesias—gorgeous mixed colours—attract by their very novelty. 7/6 a dozen, 25 for 15/-, with cultural instructions. Come and help us thin the place out

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE · VICTORIA 1234
Our telephones are on duty 24 hours a day: ready to note your needs at any time for anything from a bottled chicken to a folding canoe
Long-distance calls are cheaper between 6 and 10.30 p.m.

Army & Navy Stores

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE

VICTORIA STREET SW1 · 5 MINUTES' WALK FROM VICTORIA STATION

COMPANY MEETING

G. & J. WEIR, LTD.

INCREASED OUTPUT.

The Annual General Meeting of G. and J. Weir, Ltd., will be held on June 14 at Glasgow.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the Chairman, The Rt. Hon. Viscount Weir of Eastwood, G.C.B., on the accounts for 1954:—

It is very gratifying that once again I can report to you yet another set of record figures.

Accounts

The Consolidated surplus before Taxation amounts to £3,068,835, and is £714,907 greater than last year. This improvement was due partly to a substantial increase in the output of Engineering units consequent upon the realization of our planned Programme of Expansion accompanied by some improvement in efficiency, and partly to a higher proportion of repetitive work.

The Directors recommend a Final Dividend of 20 per cent, together with a Diamond Jubilee Bonus of 2½ per cent, making 22½ per cent in all. This makes a total dividend for the year of 27½ per cent.

Survey of Performance

G. & J. WEIR, LIMITED:—The increase at Cathcart over the excellent performance of 1953 was due to several factors, of which the principal was the full availability of the new machine tools ordered under our 1950 programme of expansion. In my 1951 Statement I wrote: "It will not be until 1954 that the full effect of the additional capacity will be felt in aiding output." Our performance last year represents the realization of these views. Sub-contracting also continued to help—the assistance received from our Queenslie Factory being on a substantial scale. Lastly, the character of the output itself was helpful, as it contained a higher percentage of repetitive work than in the preceding years.

Throughout the past year, continuous and satisfactory progress has been made in the development of our products, especially Sea Water Evaporating and Distilling Plants. The practical application of our method of improving Evaporator performance through scale-free operation continued to give very satisfactory results, and these methods are now being increasingly applied. A recent example of their application will be found in the new liner "Southern Cross," where our Evaporating and Distilling Plants have been fitted with our latest method of Ferrie Chloride treatment to ensure scale-free operation and hence maximum fresh water output.

DRYSDALE & COMPANY LIMITED:—Once more the output at Yoker Works has exceeded all previous records, and both the Marine and the Land sides are still exceedingly busy.

THE ARGUS FOUNDRY LIMITED:—A marked contraction in the demand for iron castings continued to affect this Company's trading, with the result that earnings and output declined. Plans were completed during the year for the building of a new Iron and a new Brass Foundry and work is now proceeding on the first stage which involves the conversion of the large store at Argus into a new non-ferrous foundry.

WEIR HOUSING CORPORATION LIMITED:—The Weir Housing Corporation Ltd. enjoyed another good year, but the output of new houses did not come up to expectations. Nevertheless the Company continued as a major force in the Scottish house building industry. In 1954 its contribution of 4,000 houses was fully 11 per cent of the total number of permanent houses delivered to the orders of the Local Authorities in Scotland, and was almost one-quarter of the total produced by the promoters of non-traditional houses. This creditable performance was achieved despite 1954 being one of the worst years on record for building weather. The fact that we were able to hand over houses at an average rate of eighty per week, in spite of these inclement conditions, affords a striking demonstration of how factory production of pre-fabricated parts reduces the man hours on site and enables houses to be completed at a rate which would be quite impossible by older methods.

WEIR VALVES LIMITED:—This Company had an excellent year and their output and earnings exceeded expectations.

ZWICKY LIMITED:—During the latter half of 1954 Zwicky Limited were engaged in tooling-up for an important order which demanded a rate of production much higher than any they had previously undertaken.

Prospects and Outlook

We have now completed the first quarter of 1955 and our Engineering Group's output is already ahead of the comparative figure for 1954. The Housing figures, due to the deplorable weather, are not so good as last year. Our Group costs are higher and will continue to rise, but my estimate is that our Group output for 1955 will be comparable with that of 1954.

Looking further ahead, naturally I find it much more difficult to forecast. In the last four years we have more than doubled our rate of engineering output, and during that period our Order Books have been overloaded and our delivery situation has been in some degree unsatisfactory. By the end of 1955 we will have reduced the back-log of orders to a much healthier state and we are now quoting much quicker delivery. Orders are certainly more difficult to obtain, but inquiries are improving and we have reached advanced negotiations for certain large contracts which, if secured, will go far to strengthen the Order Books for 1956 and 1957. In certain directions prospects are bright and in others we find severe foreign competition.

Here **IT** is!

It is that vital element which makes all the difference between an adequate car and a car of outstanding merit. And what is IT? It's PERFORMANCE. The kind of performance the Standard owner enjoys. That extra reserve of power, for instance, which enables him to tackle the most difficult journeys so effortlessly; that swift acceleration which sees him through the densest traffic ahead of others; that sturdy reliability which never lets him down . . . an engine that leaps instantly into life and keeps on going, smoothly, steadily, as long as he needs it . . . that's why for him Standard motoring is *confident motoring*.



THE STANDARD TEN

4 forward hinged, fully opening doors. 4 cylinder, 948 c.c. engine. 40/50 miles per gallon. Maximum speed 68 miles per hour. Girling hydraulic brakes. Triplex toughened glass. Spacious luggage boot with separate compartment for spare wheel. Adjustable front seats. Steel panelled body, rustproofed by Bonderizing process and fully dustproofed.

Price: £409 (P.T. £171 10s. 10d.)

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STAGE-management of all these political television appearances has proved a headache for the campaign organizers at the party headquarters, each in quest of something fresh and compelling in the way of presentation. After last week's report that an eighteenth-century well had been discovered during excavations in Westminster it is surprising that no party thought of getting its speaker to deliver his address from the bottom of it.

Pace That Kills

REPORTS that, at this moment of spring, wholesale dress houses are already presenting their shows of Autumn fashions, bring home the fact



that to be up-to-the-minute is no longer enough. All the 1956 motor-cars must be ready in 1955, all the June magazines out in May, all London's evening papers on the streets before breakfast is quite over. For the moment, may all those who are rushing away with our lives so eagerly continue the good work. Perhaps when they get exactly a year, or a month or a day ahead with everything they will tire of it and stop; and the ordinary man, by means of a simple mental adjustment, can at any rate pretend to be living in the good old-fashioned Now.

Sky's the Limit

ONE difficulty about talks at the summit will be to find a suitable venue. What's wrong with Everest?

Such Nice Manners

MR. TOM O'BRIEN, formerly chairman of the Trades Union Congress,

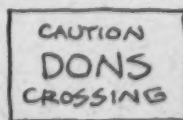
came out with some strong tributes to "professional workers" the other day, sympathizing with their middle-class financial difficulties and commending their patience, self-discipline and intelligence which was an example and a challenge to the strike-happy trade unionist. He was speaking as a luncheon guest of the National Federation of Professional Workers.

New Split?

PEOPLE do not want to hear "the accents of Eton" in the House of Commons, Mr. Bevan has been telling a Newcastle audience. No reports have so far been received of any comment by Dr. Dalton.

Dreaming Spires, etc.

LOCAL Government elections have had a pretty raw deal in the newspapers, full as they are of the greater and even more entertaining electoral occasion. It is more than ever proper, therefore, to draw attention to the Conservative appeal to voters in Oxford City, West



Ward, which speaks of the proposal to drive a road through Christ Church Meadows and adds:

"We welcome these plans with enthusiasm and when translated into stone, concrete and tarmacadam will make Oxford a better place to live in and preserve this priceless heritage of Culture and Beauty."

Green Belt

THERE has been talk in a *Times* leader of creating a chain of neutral states between Russia and the West. These would be "uncommitted by their present alliances," "at liberty to decide

afresh what their foreign policies should be" and "debarred from allying themselves with either of the opposing blocs." Any volunteers?

No Complaints

A NEWSPAPER assertion that "not a single listener has noticed" a new official recording of the National Anthem now being used to end the day's broadcasting seems a little arbitrary. There are still a few diehards who hear programmes without actually telephoning Broadcasting House.

Wrap Up Well

PLANS for a June carnival procession
ride by a fifteen-year-old Lady Godiva



provide for an emergency car to follow behind carrying brandy, blankets and hot water bottles. This seems to support those who insist that our summers have slipped a good deal since A.D.1040.

Chicken Counted

AN official announcement that "the Earl of Home, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, proposes, after the House has risen in August, to leave on an extended Commonwealth tour" is regarded by Socialist Party election workers as a piece of typical Tory presumptuousness.

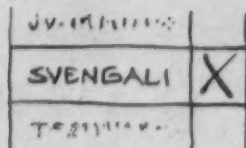
Dark Pigeonhole

COMPLAINTS about purchase-tax regulations have been sent by telegram to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by the Textile Narrow Fabrics Council. Though it is unlikely that any

Chancellor will do much about this before Thursday week, Mr. Butler and Mr. Gaitskell are both said to be making discreet inquiries about what the Textile Narrow Fabrics Council is.

Let Yourself Go Limp

THE *Daily Express* disclosure that ninety-five out of every hundred people are susceptible to hypnotism was news to practically everyone except Parliamentary candidates, who otherwise



would never have the heart to go on. Even they don't get lasting satisfaction out of the idea—they're always worrying about the other five.

Human Touch

As far as can be judged from advance announcements, the B.B.C.'s television programmes during the small hours after polling day show the usual lack of imagination by planners at Lime Grove; there seems nothing that the throwing of results on a screen can do that sound radio cannot, except perhaps to irritate those viewers who can't read. Perhaps there is still time to plan some smart visual reporting by a roving eye unit: it would be interesting to see defeated candidates screwing up their public smiles before emerging on the civic balcony—or, in the case of Liberals, scribbling away lightheartedly in their cheque-books.

It's Those Unconventional Weapons

SINCE the revelation that there are more chaffinches than people in the United Kingdom there has perhaps been no more startling piece of statistics than the revelation that, this year, Imperial Chemical Industries are employing more people than the Royal Navy. However, what with one thing and another, perhaps it makes sense at that.

The Crashing Boer

On the publication of the Senate Bill. South Africa's new fate is now disclosed: Where Strijdom rules, Freedom must be deposed.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is, as you know, our policy to apply to each industry the particular solution which will best enable it to play its full part in the national economy. Unlike our opponents, we do not approach these problems of nationalization and denationalization in a doctrinaire spirit, and we consider not merely the advantage of one section but that of the nation as a whole. We, unlike our opponents, are not a class party.

There is no more urgent task before the country than that of reducing the cost of living, which has risen with such alarming rapidity as a result of our opponents' policies. To achieve this purpose, we will reduce taxation, being careful to lift the burden first from the shoulders of those who are least able to bear it and upon whom it now falls with the most crushing weight. We will increase pensions where necessary, and raise the rates of assistance wherever possible. While raising the wage-level of the most lowly paid workers, we will also be careful to give adequate incentive to special skills by preserving all traditional differentials. Thus, while there will be higher incomes we will see to it that those higher incomes are not reflected in higher prices. If adequate restraint is exercised by all

classes of the community so that they are careful not to spend their money on anything, there is good reason to hope that the people as a whole will enjoy a higher standard of living than they have ever enjoyed in all their adventurous history.

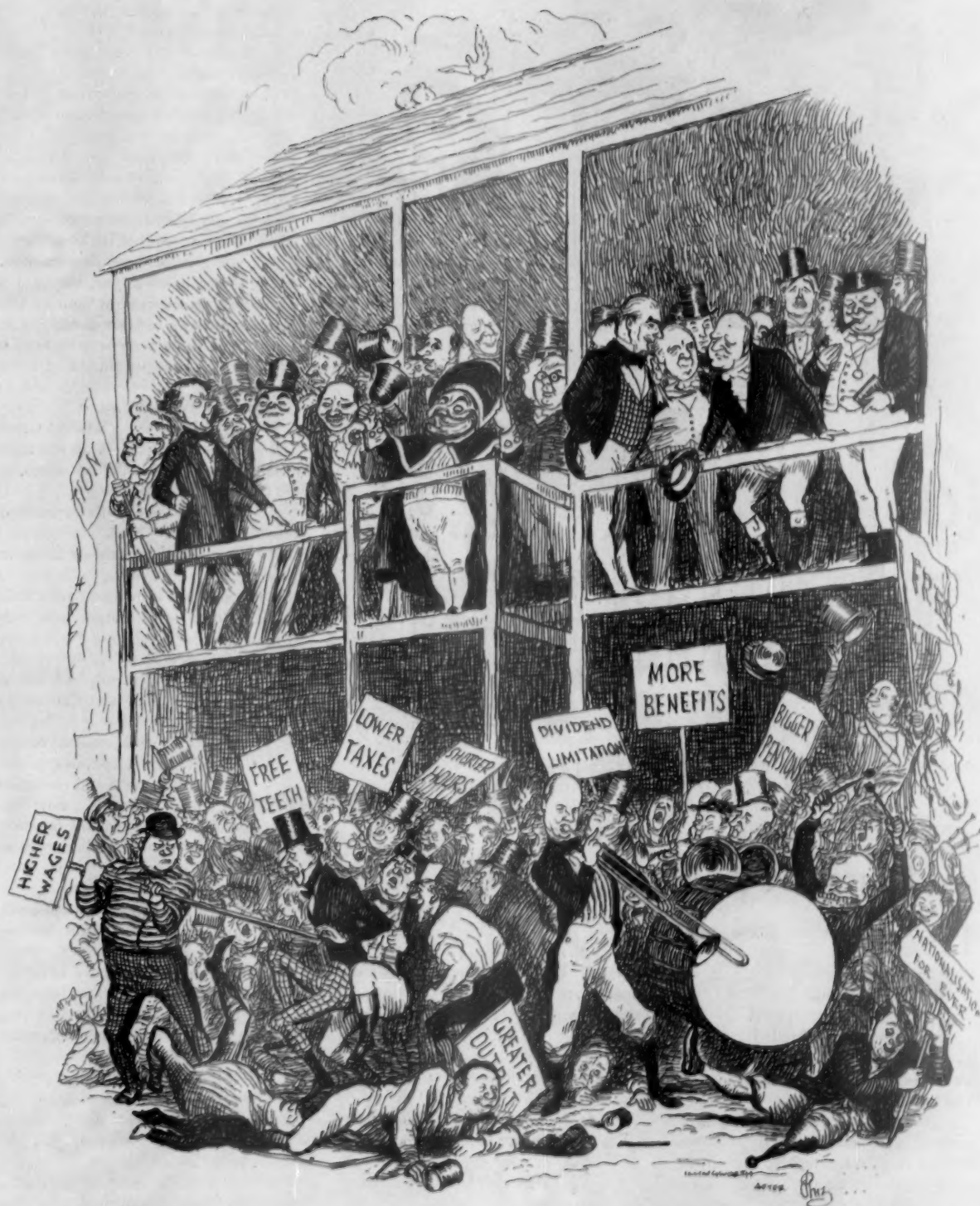
Ours is an Empire party. Unlike our opponents, we are not ashamed of our membership of the Commonwealth. We will endeavour in our constant pursuit of peace to keep in step not only with Mr. Nehru but also with other statesmen of the Commonwealth. In the Far East we will promise to undertake no military commitments which we can fulfil, for we are well aware that the true answer to Communism is to be found not in military force but in building up the standard of living of the under-privileged peoples of the East. This can only be done by extensive capital investments in those lands, which will enable the peoples there to industrialize themselves.

Since Spain is not a democratic country, we are of course opposed to her admission to the United Nations or to N.A.T.O., but we support the claim of China to a seat on the Security Council. So long as other countries do not attack one another—and we hope that they won't—there is no reason why the world should not continue to enjoy the blessings of peace. Indeed the prospects are better than they have ever been before.

When we look at their record at home and abroad we can have little confidence in the capacity of our opponents to find a solution for the grave problems which beset the world to-day. Their record of plundering and blundering stands all too plain for every elector to see. The problems of the world can only be solved by bringing the statesmen of the world to meet one another face to face. We are therefore in favour of international talks at any and every level. Why should there not be both high level talks and low level talks going on between all the nations of the world all the time? After all, the one is in no way exclusive of the other. Our leader is ready to go anywhere and talk to anyone at any time.

C. H.





EATANSWILL, 1955



Brush Up Your Ignorance

By ALEX ATKINSON

1. (i) Which side are these people on?

(a) Bevan
(b) Churchill
(c) Kingsley Martin

- (ii) How can you tell?

2. Explain briefly the difference between co-existence and cohabitation. Which do you prefer?

3. When weighing up a parliamentary candidate, which do you consider most important?

(a) His face
(b) His wife's face
(c) His party
(d) Your politics.

4. If Victor Gollancz brought out some more of those little yellow books written by people in classical mythology, how would it affect your vote this time?

5. You are not going to vote anyway because:

(a) It's a foregone conclusion
(b) There is no Liberal candidate in your constituency
(c) All politicians are dirty crooks
(d) You are not on the electoral roll.

6. (i) Put these in the right order: Palmerston, Braddock, Butler, Attlee, Campbell-Bannerman.

- (ii) How did you know which order we meant?

7. Complete the following:

(a) Eden would soon make a — mess of things.

(b) So would — Attlee.

(c) From Radio Doctor to P.M.G. in — years.

(d) If you don't fool some of the people all of the time they're going to be — disappointed.

8. Did you know that the card in your sitting-room window saying "Vote for Enticknap" is upside down?

9. Give three reasons why one, or both, of the following should be Prime Minister:

(a) Wilfred Pickles

(b) Lady Violet Bonham Carter

10. (i) What difference do you think it will make if (a) the Conservatives, (b) the Socialists, get in?

- (ii) Trace briefly the growth of your disillusion.

11. Which of these is your favourite foreign policy?

(a) "An H-bomb attack should be met by retaliation with conventional weapons."

(b) *Vice versa.*

(c) "There is only one way to prove you have more H-bombs than anyone else."

(d) A flexible system of integrated multi-bilateral appeasements, trade-pacts and economic blockades, ensuring that the *status quo* never remains constant long enough to reveal the precise balance of power.

(e) "Wait and see."

12. (i) Which political cartoonist will be the first to draw a snake in the Garden of Eden?

- (ii) Who will the snake be?

13. Which of the following mottoes do you think you will adopt when you hear the result of the General Election?

(a) *Quod hoc sibi vult?*

(b) *Humanum est errare*

(c) *Animus tamen idem*

(d) *Populus vult decipi*

(e) *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*

(f) *In Te, Domine, speravi*

14. How long do you think it will be before we find we are living on an offshore island?

*This Way to Westminster***Creeds—Left, Right and Centre**

By JOHN FOOT



It should be failing our readers if we did not pass in brief review the claims of the three major parties.

In any short statement of the Conservative purpose there is a temptation to over-simplify. There are those who have got their hands on a disproportionate share of the world's goods, and those who have been less fortunate. Our first inclination is to define the Conservative party as a mutual society for the organized protection of the "haves" against the "have-nots," and leave it at that. But while this is the essence of the matter, it is not the whole of it. To leave it there would be as unfair as to stigmatize the burglar as interested only in the acquisition of personal wealth. The fellow who makes off with somebody else's collection of old silver is not necessarily concerned only with the making of money. His choice of old silver may derive from a cultivated taste for the antique. The proceeds of his efforts may go to some deserving charity or to the education of his children or to the upkeep of a charming home.

These pleas in mitigation are, in the judgment of the tolerant, as much available to the business man as to the common thief. The financier will rightly claim that rigging the market is only a subsidiary part of his affairs; he is a popular member of his club, a good father and a pillar of his church. The manufacturer will point out that the profits derived from his shoddy goods have endowed a University or established an orphanage. The proprietor of the sweat-shop has sent his sons to public schools and presented his daughter at Court.

It would therefore be fairer to say that the purpose of the Conservative party is to regularize and maintain a state of affairs which is admittedly far from satisfactory but which might be a great deal worse.

This, so far as the thing is discoverable and definable, is the ideology of Toryism. The difficulty arises in commending so realistic a view of public affairs to an electorate most of whom enjoy only a modest livelihood. In

earlier days it was sufficient to exhort the lower classes to be content with the station to which God had been pleased to call them, but with the regrettable decline in religious observance, this old gag has lost much of its pull. Later Conservative tactics were more subtle. If, they argued, any candid statement of our philosophy can only result in devastating defeat at the polls, better not to raise the matter at all. Hence the celebrated dictum—"I agree with what you say, but I will fight to the death against your right to say it."

The Labour party's difficulties are

very different and arise from the fact that, sometime during the last century, the party leaders in an ill-considered moment identified the Movement with the principles of Marxist Socialism. From this tragic decision all their subsequent tribulations have stemmed. For the Marxist theory was and remains wholly irreconcilable with the objects of the Trade Unions. These organizations, whose chief purpose to-day is to hold an annual conference in the early autumn at one of the larger seaside resorts, were originally designed with the object of fortifying and representing



the workers in their negotiations with the employers. In the course of time it dawned upon the keener Union leaders that no proposal could be more fatal to their interests than the nationalization of the means of production, distribution and exchange. Their very existence rested on the need for negotiations between employers and workers, and here was a reform which, whatever merits it might claim, had the overruling disadvantage of eliminating the employer.

One cannot but sympathize with them in their predicament. St. George might have felt a similar sense of irritation if, half an hour before the contest, somebody had disposed of the dragon with weed-killer. But just as St. George would have had to swallow his feelings, so the Trade Union official is debarred from pleading for the employer's retention.

Here is an apparently insoluble conundrum. It is too late to think of jettisoning the Socialist principle. So many perorations have pictured the paradise of public ownership, that a fair number of working people are by

way of believing in it. But equally impossible to flout the Trade Unions, and sweep away the foundation and justification of their being.

The only remarkable fact about the Liberal Party is that it should still be supposed to exist. That there was such a party in 1910 is not open to question, and there are powerful arguments for the view that some recognizable organization persisted until as late as 1916. But there the traces vanish. The thing disappears from the record as inexplicably as did the Brontosaurus.

This fact has been obscured by an historical accident. In the early 1920s some difficulty was experienced by people who were anxious to let it be known that they were neither Conservatives nor Socialists. There was no convenient and comprehensive term by which they might describe themselves to their friends. "Independent" and "Non-party" implied a taint of immorality, for an Englishman who has no political association is generally regarded as leading an irregular life. "Liberal" was accepted, rather than adopted, by

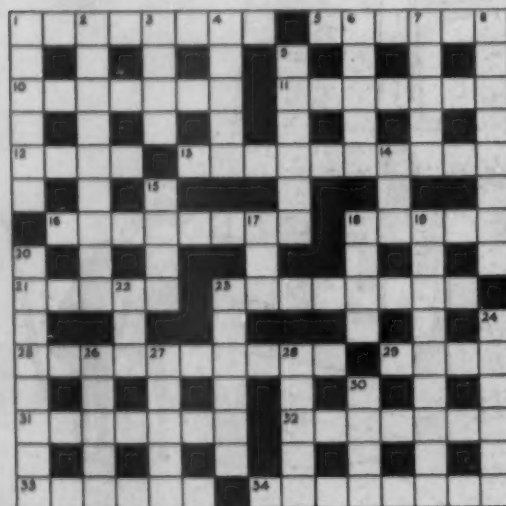
these people in default of any better label. So far as the term was susceptible of definition it meant that the person in question *had* political opinions, but that these did not necessarily coincide with the opinions of anyone else. It was found in practice that the odds against any one Liberal agreeing with another were about forty to one.

The fiction of an existing party serves a second political purpose. A public figure who is contemplating a change of loyalties, moving either from Left to Right or (very rarely) from Right to Left, finds that it is inexpedient to challenge popular disapproval by too abrupt a transition. The public's attitude to a sudden conversion is that, while the event is not impossible, it is highly unlikely and extremely disconcerting, and that probably the last substantiated instance was St. Paul's. It is here that Liberalism can assist. It provides a piece of neutral territory where a man can rest awhile on his journey, directing a few savage kicks at his late colleagues and ingratiating himself with the new.

Election Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Exchange gave her the wrong number at first. (8)
5. Basis of an absurd fiddle in a rural constituency? (6)
10. It suggests an inclination to corruption. (7)
11. Tell me, how shall I mark my voting paper? (7)
12. Loan from the speaker's friends and others. (4)
13. They have the air of making heckling impossible. (10)
16. Seems to call for a Unionist M.P. (8)



18. Labour's new wizardry? (5)
21. Gaps in the home ownership policy? (5)
23. That's how it is when a few floaters could sink you. (8)
25. I can't tell you how I feel when the candidate won't do his stuff. (10)
29. Standing right opposite? (4)
31. Below the platform, we gather. (7)
32. Stout fellows, that's the stuff! (7)
33. Associated with a novel kind of statesmanship. (6)
34. Everyday farming constituency, one imagines. (8)

DOWN

1. Should the affairs of the House be his main concern? (6)
2. Cast in uncomplimentary form. (9)
3. At a small meeting, Mr. Candidate, this is beneath you. (4)
4. Smoke of political battle still lingering. (5)
6. While we're talking, there's the election for one. (5)
7. Turned to display new colours. (5)
8. There's plenty of time for an encore here. (8)
9. Keep your seats, please! (6)
14. Just what you'd expect from a political yes-man. (3)
15. Likely result of offering a tot to the candidate? (4)
17. Expect some eggs when the cheers start. (3)
18. Affords some protection to the postal voter. (4)
19. Deadly conclusion of Dick versus Vic. (9)
20. Sent to Coventry for losing his temper? (8)
22. Lowest point a man can reach. (3)
23. Drinkable port, but not a Portuguese drink. (6)
24. Swing would just send him! (6)
26. Help to provide an "X" certificate. (5)
27. Alex is in the same state. (5)
28. The Jameson rumpus? (5)
30. Shiner's not the only one! (4)

(Solution on p. 621)

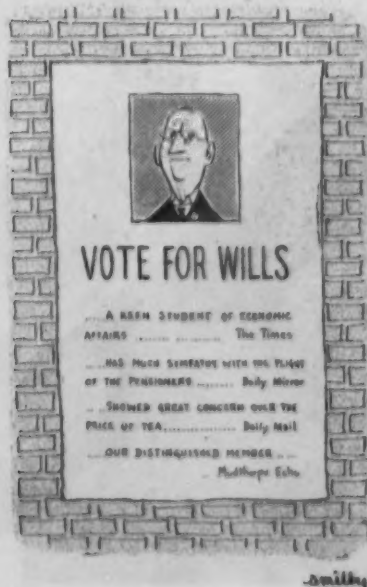


Suffrage in the Suburbs

First Things First

SUPERIORITY has gone to our heads again in Talkington, for whereas in the sophisticated wilderness of the metropolis they are having just one election, we out here have been having two. Opinion is divided as to whether it has ever happened before—a third of our local council and the whole of the Government up for election within a fortnight of one another. But all of us prefer to assume that it has not, and go round congratulating one another with the pleased surprise of curiosities—not just the First Television Election in History but the first bifurcated one in Talkington.

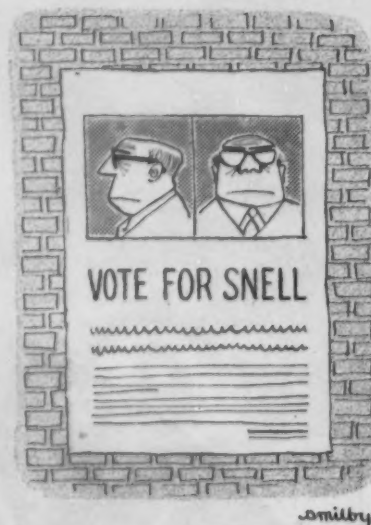
And in the local election, which of course comes first, we are reassuringly closer to the dear old days when one was voting for an individual and not a Party. Mrs. Binks at the bottom of the hill isn't going to vote at all this year because Miss Wodge, who is standing for Labour, recently told somebody that there'd been hanky-panky over the first refusal of the rummage for the Cubs' Jumble Sale. Penelope Bother is voting for Miss Wodge, because of this absurd fuss Mrs. Minke is making about horses cutting up the turf on the Heath.



In the local paper and the literature pressed through our letter boxes the semi-profiles of the candidates loom impressively, men and women of destiny to their photographers. To judge from the literature, Principles are what count—but the only two involved seem to be the Personalities and the Rates. And all the Personalities are pledged to keep the rates down while simultaneously providing more street lamps, better roads, more schools, more parks, and a swimming pool. Of course there is perennially the question of that all-night-open gate into the small wooded park which some historic councillor, way back, is said to have described as Conducive to Immorality. And, ever since the Prime Minister's first broadcast about Larger Issues, taxes, the cost of living, nationalization, rationing and Peace crop up vaguely, and we all know that it is our duty to provide a record vote.

For us personally, involved as usual in the struggle to extract the best from all possible worlds, life becomes increasingly complicated. If ballots are secret, conversation is certainly not, and one walks round noting indications, as neighbours tape one another as "Terribly nice but, of course, Bright Red," or "Good value if they weren't such Deadly Reactionaries," to say nothing of those who insist that there is no difference at all between the two sides. Imagining ourselves, at least, still unclassified, we continue to smile dazedly but determinedly at friends in all directions. In fact when the election addresses and attendant "Vote for So-and-So" in red and blue pop through the letter-box, the only way to avoid insulting anybody seems to be to hang both obediently in the window. But then we would be thought frivolous, so we refrain altogether. Others seem to have come to similar conclusions—the only window notices visible as yet advertise *Quiet Wedding*, by the Talkington Youth Theatre and "Good home wanted for black and white cat." Perhaps we all belong in that rag-bag of public opinion—Thirteen Per Cent Don't Know.

But as such we are a nuisance to those in authority. Friends who have



canvassed in other places at other times now start reminiscent nostalgic tales of election campaigns they have known. Supporters, they say, are okay—enemies are okay too. But refusal to commit oneself is the canvasser's bugbear. Ladies who peer out over the door-chain and greet "I'm canvassing for Mr. So-and-So the Such-and-Such . . ." with "Sorry, we never buy at the door," or "It's a secret ballot, isn't it?" or "I don't discuss politics in public," or—final insult—"I don't know, I'm sure—I must ask my husband"—all these, it seems, drive canvassers nuts.

Yet, when one comes to think of it, it is the natural reaction. We are basically a kind-hearted people, avoiding hurt to others and also to ourselves. It may be awkward for business or professional men with Labour clients to admit they are Conservatives—a lot of council-house tenants believe firmly that if the Labour candidates' notices go into the window, they will soon go out of the door. Well, yes, we *know* it's a secret ballot, but Those Lists which canvassers carry and tellers tick off outside the voting stations—what do they mean—what are they for—and, above all, *who sees them?*

One deduces, of course, from people's conversation whether or not it is good to vote for which side. One candidate's wife left him years ago—he is now

happily married to another. Yet, some otherwise fervent supporters argue, if a man can't run his own wife properly what makes him think he could run a town? Fairmindedness rushes to the head on the other side. "Well, I think we ought to vote for him, even though we wouldn't ordinarily, just to *show* things like that don't count." Local governments seem to be chosen for even more varied reasons than national ones, and the daily help at Number 112 doesn't see why she *always* has to vote like her husband—after all she doesn't agree with him about anything else . . . Still, some of us in Talkington do vote purely on principle—one lot says that we don't want the town run by a lot of public-school snobs, while the other insists that we want it run by people who have been properly *educated* to run things.

However, being intensely articulate not to say chatty people, we find this forced discretion irksome. Therefore we wait eagerly for the canvassers to call, for these always seem to be chosen from different districts, and we are ready and willing to refute the arguments



of all of them. And at last there is a young man on the doorstep, a little breathless and bewildered but undoubtedly charming and equally undoubtedly a stranger. "I'm canvassing for Mr. Gephapps, the So-and-So candidate—can I count on your

support?" "Well—er," we say, hoping to lead him on. "What a pity—I suppose we'll have to manage without you—no hard feelings," he replies at once, and, ticking us off his list departs before we can get the cogent arguments out. And the next evening it is the other one. "Good evening—I'm canvassing for Mrs. Dot, the Such-and-Such. For the local council—not the County Council, that was last month, *nor* the General Election, that's the twenty-sixth. Can we count on your supporting us?" Again, we marshal the arguments and both start together. "Well, why discuss it on the doorstep? Won't you come in?" To which the canvasser replies, with another tick at the list, "Oh, well, it's no use our trying to convert each other, is it? Sorry to bother you—nothing personal," and gaily skips off down the garden path again.

We are left, not so much floating as deflated voters, in whom nobody seems to be interested at all. Perhaps, in the General Election, with different tactics, we shall succeed in having our say. In the meantime, at least we know how we're going to vote.

DIANA and MEIR GILLON



"My candidate will kiss it, ma'am."

Captain Gulliver's Voyage to Langdon

IT is a custom of the rulers of the island of Langdon who are known as Stukups that once in every five years or so, in order to divert the attention of the people from all interest in public affairs, they hold what is known as a General Election. For the purpose of that General Election they choose out some twelve hundred gollywogs, whom they distribute, two by two, throughout the six hundred districts into which the island is divided. Of the two gollywogs in each district one is designated a Big-Endian and the other a Little-Endian. It is not indeed forbidden by any law that there should not be more than two gollywogs in each

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

district, but the Stukups see to it that the number is almost always two and instruct the people that they should cast their votes either for a Big-Endian or for a Little-Endian and should on no account vote for any gollywog who does not belong to one or other of the two main factions. In some foreign countries, they tell the people, there is only one party, in others more than two, but in Langdon there have always been only two parties—neither less nor more—and to that they ascribe it that the people of Langdon are more virtuous, more comely, taller, more truthful and have

more noble rulers than the people of any other country in the world.

There are indeed, as the Stukups well know, many grave questions concerning the welfare of the State, upon which difficult decisions have to be taken, and both within the party of the Big-Endians and within the party of the Little-Endians there are often keen debates as to which policies should be pursued. It is through such debates that it is settled which gollywog should go to represent his party in this district or in that. But the Stukups are not so foolish as to imagine that right decisions could be taken if the people were allowed to express opinions of their own. Therefore, as soon as the gollywogs have been selected and throughout the period of the General Election, it is agreed between the rival Stukups that no question shall be discussed except the question whether eggs should be cracked at the Big End or at the Little. If any other matter should be mentioned, the Stukups explain that it is not a party question and that it is above all things necessary that it be kept out of party politics. This is the system of government that is known as Democracy.

Both parties loudly assert that it is above all things necessary to produce eggs. But the Little-Endians say that the Big-Endians will so contrive it that none but those who crack them at the Big End will get any eggs, while the Big-Endians retort that, if the Little-Endians should come to power, the hens will be discouraged from laying eggs at all. This the Little-Endians hotly deny.

The labourers of that island are all grouped into various companies, or, as they are called, Houynnhns, and it is the purpose of each of these Houynnhns to obtain for their members as large a number of eggs as possible. It is clear that the members of one Houynnhn can only obtain more eggs if the members of another Houynnhn receive less. Therefore, where some Houynnhns are supporters of the Little-Endians, it is much to the interest of their rivals that the Big-Endians be elected. But, though that is their purpose, the more strongly any member of a Houynnhn desires a victory for the Big-Endians, the more loudly he professes in public his devotion to the Little-Endians. There



"... and then to those of you who are resolutely opposed to my party I would say 'Can any one of you be sure that I am not really a fifth-columnist infiltrating into a position of trust, there to gnaw all unsuspected at the very fabric of the doctrine you abhor?'"

is, however, an excellent custom among these islanders known as the Secret Ballot. It is the virtue of the Secret Ballot that, though a voter may promise to vote for one party, there is no way of knowing if, in fact, he votes for the other—except, of course, to those who have the overseeing of the voting and who will understand. In this respect, too, say the people of Langdon, their institutions are superior to those of other countries.

These people live on a small island, and they are surrounded on all sides by hostile neighbours, some of whom are more powerful than themselves. Therefore, think the Stukups, it is of the first importance, if the country is to survive at all, that the people should on no account apply their minds to Foreign Affairs—and particularly not at the time of a General Election. For, were they to understand truly the peril of their condition, there is no knowing what is the folly that they might demand. So say the Stukups. And therefore it is their habit to talk as little about Foreign Affairs as possible, and, whenever they have to refer to them, then all the Stukups on both sides chant in chorus, "Let us have a conference." For it is thought less dangerous to have a conference than to have a policy.

It is thus that the rulers prevent the people from taking any interest in public matters. The Stukups say that by these devices they can free themselves from popular interference, and I, when I heard it, was most willing to applaud the wisdom of their plan. To deceive the people is indeed a most delightful pastime, and a wise ruler who has a policy to pursue must rightly make it his first concern to protect himself by a device against such interference of the ignorant public. And yet, though I greatly admired the device of the Stukups, I was never able to discover what was their policy to obtain which the device was used.

Don't You Believe It

"The home of Mr. W— N— . . . is on the beach a little west of Brighton. A fantastic home . . . The French Empire furniture, the baths with gilded taps, the black table, the black plates and napkins . . . She is beautiful, but eminently practical. He is efficient and modest . . . 'If my grandfather hadn't made money I should be just like anyone else.'"—*Daily Express*



A Hundred Heifers and A' and A'

IT is said of Pythagoras the Samian, a judge of metaphysical affairs, When he proved that the square on the hypotenuse was equal to the other two squares, That he sacrificed a hundred oxen in thanks for the performance of the feat: And this before refrigeration and surpluses of frozen meat, And despite a firmly held faith, which experience had failed to supplant, That any of the beasts was potentially the reincarnation of an aunt. In practice the thing was demonstrable. The least reliable of guides Can run up a right-angled triangle and measure up and multiply the sides; But that was all mere technology and only scientifically true, And he yearned for the true universal, as absolute as two plus two, Obsessed, not with practical problems or with measuring with chain and rod, But the perfect right-angled triangle enshrined in the intellect of God. Which cost him a pretty penny, regardless of the price of beef, And must have caused him compunction, remembering his fixed belief. But emotion overcame judgment: which serves to demonstrate afresh The indulging of a passion of the intellect costs more than indulgence of the flesh.

P. M. HUBBARD

The End of Loch Long

By MARSHALL PUGH

LITTLE point in saying one thing and thinking another. The development of the Highlands is not as sinister as it sounds. Worse things have befallen the glens than full employment. Yet native ways must be respected and the change can be too swift.

One day our old Loch Long was Highland. The next, it seemed, the electricity had arrived and the cry went round the loch "The Navy is Here!" Then tankers came to pipe away their cargoes on our very shores. Angus the divinity student spoke for many when he said "No good will come of all this sudden progress. No good, I'm saying, and I'm not far wrong." He had been skirmishing with the preaching up in Oban and his delivery was strong.

Devious moves in the past to change the loch had been attempted. Form a Home Guard company here, we'd said, and that will be the end of the old way of life. Regimentation, no less, while the deer are exposed to MacVitie with a Bren gun. When an Observer Corps outpost was thrust upon us we alerted all Dumbarton and Argyll. MacVitie was on duty at the time, alone with his delusions of grandeur. It was an honest error that he made, mistaking a trapped bluebottle for the hostile sound of laden aircraft.

At first the peaceful penetration of the electricity seemed more dangerous

than war. With their usual intuition, even the foxes flitted when the pylons marched the hill.

From a shore range the Navy opened up on the loch, their practice torpedoes ploughing up mackerel shoals and spume. And when the oil company built their storage tanks and piers only the forester on the far shore was unaffected by the carry-on. When the loch was powder blue with night and the dusty driving day was done you could hear his tenor voice in song and the splash of his empties in the water.

"An ineffectual romantic like the rest of you," said Angus bitterly of him. "You showed no spirit after Culloden, and this progress is the price you will pay."

In his anxiety his hair had flown, to perch on the back of his head like a frightened budgie. Right enough, there was cause for alarm. In the rigours of the new economy the men of Portincale village were driven out to work. It was the Sheep Clearances all over again. The newcomers' phrase for laziness was "Portincale fever," slandering a reflective community.

Buses now galloped the loch shore with murderous monotony and there was high-level talk of closing down Whistlefield, our railway station. From time immemorial we'd had two trains up and two trains down for the victims of circumstance who worked in Glasgow.

"If they close us down," said Mr. Henderson the stationmaster, "four regular daily passengers will be gravely inconvenienced."

He had little enough support, for, strange as it may seem, the Scot does not share the Southern reverence for rusty tramcars or exhausted trains.

Even the Lowland deputation of nature-loving hikers arrived by bus. They had been whipped into a fury by the Republican writers in the Scottish editions of the London papers. Three abreast, they set off for a threatened beauty spot they knew and loved. There they would protest against the desecration of Loch Long. In their emotion their map-reading suffered. A Polish lad from the oil company had to show them the way and the Navy dealt with their litter in the morning.

Our last link with old Loch Long was

the paraffin-driven *Isa*. She was growing old in her search for dogfish, which the English eat and call rock salmon. On the colder mornings her engine took some coaxing to start.

"Paraffin?" her master M'Kichan would shout, "a hauf of whisky's what she's needing," which was a grand joke lasting round the year. With professional twirls at her helm, artfully contrived from a salvaged kitchen mangle, he would take the *Isa* out at her full three knots. Out went the net, with the wheelhouse shaking, and in it came, with the thieving seagulls flying escort. When the winch jammed too often and the light was wae, M'Kichan came in early, saying "You can't expect the fish to jump into the boat, now can ye?"

He knew the loch bed better than I knew the shore, but he was not to know every new bit of naval nonsense in the water. When her time had come the *Isa* scraped a naval buoy and went down like a bar of soap.

She was greatly lamented, in the south, earning columns of obituary. Angus said that when the *Isa* sank the loch went down. But he was losing touch with the times. His sermons against smoking on the Sabbath had alienated many liberal-minded men. The *Isa* was gone, right enough, but in his powerful new brute of a boat, well-named the *Alert*, M'Kichan found some compensation.

Better feeling, generally, spread abroad. The oil company proved generous, and some with land to sell left bravely to while away their winters in the south. With the painted oil tanks, the oil stores in the iris of Ardarroch, the barbed wire and "No Smoking" signs the place is more significant. Tankers sail the water with its hint of petrol blue, drawing more tourists every year. According to the wireless news in Gaelic, these tankers widen our interests and bring trade. We are anxious, now, to preserve that trade. At nights we try to respect the Customs man's privacy by avoiding undue splashing in the harbour, asthmatic breathing or the glow of cigarettes.

Hydro-electric authorities, oil companies and navies have to earn a living like the rest of us. A crofter must learn to co-exist.



"Darling, are we doing anything with the car on May 26th?"

THE POLITICAL NATURAL HISTORY

after J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S.



COCKATOO (*Cacatua morrisoni*)

Brilliant bird noted for its splendid erectile crest. Easily tamed, they make excellent pets and readily learn in captivity to repeat slogans pronounced repeatedly in their presence.



MOOSE (*Alces malchis wooltonensis*)

Large ruminant. The bull moose is often found at the head of a large herd, which it controls with great ferocity.



GUEREZA (*Colobus guereza ecclesiae*)

This extremely elegant animal is adept at teaching its young to look after themselves. They are considered to be ready for advanced training when they are eleven years old.



GIANT PANDA (*Ailuropoda melanoleuca chartwellensis*)

Exceedingly rare. This almost untameable creature sometimes imitates the roar of the lion to terrify its enemies.

**BADGER** (*Meles taxus clemens*)

Wood states: "Although one of the most quiet and inoffensive of our indigenous animals, the Badger has been subject to such cruel persecutions as could not be justified if the animal were as destructive and noisome as it is harmless and innocuous. Though the Badger is naturally as harmless an animal as can be imagined, it is a terrible antagonist when aroused. The digging capacities of the Badger are very great, the animal being able to sink itself into the ground with marvellous rapidity."

**HARE** (*Lepus edensis*)

It is popularly supposed to be a timid animal but is really possessed of no small share of courage. It is of a sociable disposition and delights in association with creatures of different species.

WALRUS (*Trichechus rosmarus macmillani*)

Best known for its building proclivities, this beast can be quite aggressive when roused. Its most conspicuous feature is the head with its protuberant muzzle bristling with long wiry hairs.

**CHAMELEON** (*Chameleo vulgaris meganae*)

This lively creature is well-known for its propensity to change its colour when it finds itself out on a limb. Against a suitable background it has been observed to turn a fiery red.



WATER SHREW (*Crossopus fodiens gaitskelli*)

Despite its friendly appearance this little beast is ruthless in search of its prey.



TAPIR (*Tapirus mannii*)

The tough, thick hide with which the Tapir is covered is of great service in enabling the creature to pursue its headlong course without suffering injury.



WATER BUFFALO (*Bubalus buffelus beavani*)

A most fierce and dangerous animal, savage to a marvellous degree, and not hesitating to charge any animal that may arouse its ready ire. It is even known to attack its own kind.



OWL (*Strix exchequeris*)

Bird of prey with exceptionally grasping talons. Victims vary according to the species, but preference is given to small, defenceless creatures, though larger species are sometimes attacked and even swallowed whole.

Conversation Piece

By LORD KINROSS

THE pursuit of knowledge, in this enlightened generation, is infinite in scope. A man may learn, in a mere course of lessons, to eat, to sleep, to read, to write, to walk—and now even to talk. The academy which offers him this final accomplishment is Psychology House, a handsome Victorian villa at Marple, in Cheshire (Telegrams: Psychology, Marple). His professor is a lady with a cheerful smile, Miss Ethel Cotton, renowned “in various fields of self-improvement,” who confers on her students Poise, Personality and Power, within thirty days, at the rate of fifteen minutes a day.

More and more intelligent men and women, Miss Cotton declares, are beginning to relax. “*And that is leading to an ever-widening desire for conversation.*” Moreover, “very definitely the art of conversation helps to give one power. The really good talker has a big advantage in the struggle for success.” And since, obviously, more and more intelligent men and women are beginning to seek power and success, they are embarking by the thousand, under the tuition of Miss Cotton, on the Adventure of Conversation: to be exact, twelve adventures, teaching, in twelve correspondence lessons, such arts as Long Conversations and Brief Conversations, Discussing Plays and Novels, Making Descriptions Colourful and Dynamic, above all Having a Good Laugh Once in a While! and thus achieving such laurels as Salary Increases, Promotions to Positions of Eminence, and Acclaim at Social Gatherings.

Whether or not an intelligent man or woman, the Briton is given less to talk than to sport. Thus he is reassured from

the outset to learn that conversation is a game: one involving ideas instead of balls, which no one who plays it can lose. He—or indeed she—starts by learning its rules: not to be silent, not to chatter, not to change the subject unless it is necessary for purely cultural purposes, not to speak twice until the others have spoken once. He learns how to halt a bore in mid-sentence, e.g.:

“Children are so ‘cute’ when they are four or five years old,” said the fond mother, Mrs. Billings. “Johnnie gets more precocious every day. This morning he . . .”

“Oh, before I forget, Mrs. Billings, will you tell me the date of the next Parent-Teachers Association meeting? I wasn’t able to attend last week.”

The aspirant buys a notebook, in which each day he jots down, under four headings (Miscellaneous, Book Reviews and Authors, Special Subjects, Business and Social), one idea for a worthwhile topic: references to the important current events of the locality in which he lives, a reference connected with science, a reference with a touch of mystery. Then he starts to improve the range of his vocabulary (instead of “nice,” saying a “brisk” day or an “invigorating” morning) and the tone of his voice (consulting an expert if it is unusually disagreeable, reading aloud extracts from literature if it is fairly good).

Ready now to Get Acquainted and to Overcome Irritation, he starts to converse, remembering, unlike the talkers of lesser centuries, to do so “without being influenced by his prejudices or partialities.” He does not talk about people (“or if you *must* . . . about what Mary has done that you’re proud of. How about that new job she landed?

Or the way she sang the other night? Or the wonderful sweater she’s just finished?”) He talks about things instead (e.g. “facts concerning scientific discoveries, inventions or current topics, generously sprinkled with humour”). He learns not to bring up controversial subjects (“If you say ‘I don’t like Japanese prints,’ anyone in the group who happens to admire them will unconsciously be opposed to your personality”); not to refer to divorce in mixed company if he is unfamiliar with the marital condition of every member present. And always, before talking, he is asking himself the questions: “Is it true? Is it necessary? Is it kind?”

“Since man first left the prehistoric cave and went in search of beauty,” says Miss Cotton, “never have there been so many fascinating things to talk about as there are to-day.” There is, she suggests, the relative power of heredity and environment. There is social responsibility for individual crime. There are the psychological reasons why men hesitate to marry professional women. There is the romantic way in which a pattern was first introduced into linoleum.

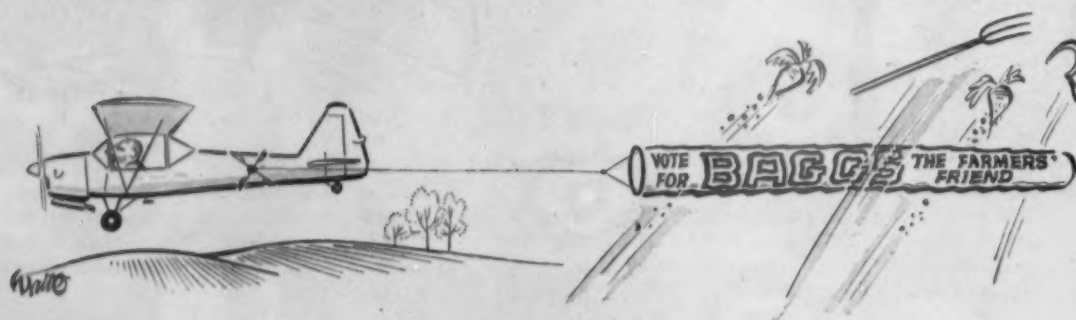
With learned discrimination she distinguishes between poor conversations and good ones, e.g. about Radio Programmes. Poor:

“They seem to put on a lot of that highbrow stuff, don’t they?”

“Yes. Can’t see anything in it myself. All right for kids, but I don’t see why I should go back to school.”

Good:

“Progress reports? Very interesting. Give you an insight into the other fellow’s job. Show how we depend on one another. They’re a good lesson in practical democracy.”



"Yes, I always try to listen to them. That is, if it doesn't clash with something good on the Third Programme."

"What do you think of the Third Programme? Do you suppose it's popular?"

"Not in the same sense as the Light Programme..."

Even the weather or the opening of a window can lead to a good conversation:

"Speaking of air," he offered, "did you know that all the air which is used in a certain building is washed before it enters the main offices?"

We were all eager to know how. When our informant had explained, the discussion turned to health laws and ventilating systems. Then someone mentioned that it was very costly to erect a building with an air-washing device, and the conversation moved in another direction.

Thus enlightened, the aspirant is soon a Man of Poise. One further stage and he is a Man of Personality too.

Humour is the tasty savour
That gives conversation flavour.

Thus he strives now to cultivate a play spirit (mental, not horse: "You can develop this quality until it becomes spontaneous"). Bearing in mind that humour is kind while wit may hurt, and that the object of conversation is universal friendliness, he reads newspapers and magazines, listens to radio and stage jokes, collecting, classifying, filing and remembering humorous material to talk about.

"The combination of circumstances which excite our risibilities are countless," he discovers. There is the Play on Words ("Stunt flying will stunt flying... Many a man loses his balance when his wife goes shopping"). There is Repartee ("Have you anything snappy in rubber bands?" "No, but we have something catchy in fly-paper").

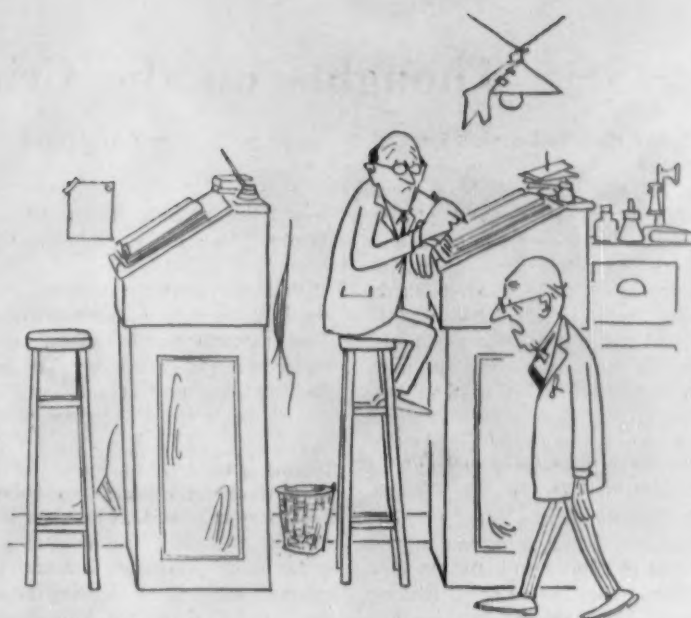
There are Compliments:

A young man, introduced to a young lady at a dinner-dance, called her by the wrong name in presenting a friend. She corrected him rather coolly.

"I am sorry," he answered, "but I recently met a very charming woman of that name." Naturally I associated her with you."

It is important also to see the Joke on Yourself:

In the crowded bus Bess stood beside a very melancholy looking woman. To Bess's smile the woman returned a decided frown. Bess refused to be rebuffed and continued to look friendly. Then the woman said, loudly, "Madam, please move your



Eric Burgin

"I've been grounded."

umbrella. It is dripping on my shoe!"

Before she had cultivated her sense of humour Bess had been very sensitive. Such a situation would have embarrassed and upset her. In this instance, she moved the umbrella, apologized, and smiled at the outcome of her good intentions.

Also to remember the point:

The Englishman at the New York World's Fair asked a young woman attendant what was done with so much corn. "Oh," she answered, "we eat what we can and what we can't we can." The Englishman thought this very amusing. Later he told a friend about this clever sally. "She said," he related, "that what they can't eat they put in tins."

Finally, "the technique of good storytelling and conversational etiquette both demand that you control your own laughter until you have wholly completed your story. Then you may join in the general laughter."

The Man of Poise and Personality is now well on the road to Power. He has learnt to tell the story of a play he has seen or a book he has read. His conversation is growing more colourful:

"After a while we went rambling up the hill and into the woods. We saw some moss that was greener than the grass on my lawn, and as soft as a cushion. There were three birch trees. My wife said they looked like three girls in white, dancing."

He starts to shine on formal occasions. Before meeting a distinguished personality, whom he has looked up in *Who's Who*, he fortifies himself with brief and up-to-date information on his subject, and then practises two-minute chats, inventing different types of people and their replies. When invited, for example, to a dinner given by the British Council, he strengthens the weak spots in his knowledge of relations between various countries. "The simplest way to do this is to ask yourself 'What comes to mind when I think of Italy, the U.S.S.R., etc.?' This is also a good general opening remark for a conversation at such a dinner."

Planning a dinner himself, he now knows that congenial and cultural conversation is the essence of a vitalizing and interesting affair; seats his guests so that the most natural leaders, who radiate friendliness and animation, are so distributed as to permeate the whole group; saturates himself with two or three appropriate conversational topics, and introduces them so casually and naturally that the conversational ball starts rolling along.

With a kindly thought in season
Dull repasts are feasts of reason

Any moment now Power—for a mere five guineas—will be his.

Thoughts on the Crime Wave

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

I HAVE just had a visit from the police.

No, nothing I had done. I was as pure as the driven snow. What these policemen—there were two of them, a stout one and a thin one—wanted was to sell me a gadget designed to baffle the criminal classes. Eight dollars was the price, but worth it, the stout one said, because the crime wave was spreading every day. "Oftener than that," the thin one said, and gave it as his opinion that it was all these comic books that did it. They added fuel to its flames, he said.

The favourite trick of the criminal classes, they told me, is to come to your back door and knock on it and say they are from the grocer's, delivering groceries. When you let them in, they stick you up. The cagy thing, then, is not to let them in, and that was where you got your eight dollars worth out of this gadget. It is a round affair with a hole and a flap and you fix it to your back door, and when the criminal classes arrive and say they are from the grocer's delivering groceries, you hoik up the flap and look through the hole and say "Oh, you are, are you? Then where are the groceries, and why are you wearing a black mask and lugging round a whacking great sawn-off shot gun?" Upon which, they slink off feeling like thirty cents.

I saw their point. We do get a lot of crime in New York. It seems all the go these days. And now that this police visit has turned my thoughts to it, I find myself wondering why it is worth these crime wavers' while to take so much trouble for such small results.

I am not, of course, speaking of the swells who rob banks and loot the apartments of Texas millionaires. They make a nice living, their earnings being substantial and free of tax. I mean the young fellows who waylay passers-by on dark nights. Start waylaying passers-by on dark nights, and nobody you meet ever seems to have more than \$1.50 on him. Nine times out of ten he has left his wallet on the dressing-table at home or turns out to be a policeman in plain clothes. I would not advise any youngster I was fond of to adopt this profession. "George," I

would say to him, if his name was George, "lay off it, there's no percentage in it."

And apart from the meagre gains the whole thing must be so embarrassing. You know how you feel when you have to accost a perfect stranger. You cough and shuffle your feet and say "Er—excuse me." I don't see how you can begin with "This is a stick-up." It sounds so abrupt. I suppose the thing to do would be to lead up to it sort of. "Oh—er—excuse me, could you oblige me with a match? What a nuisance it is to run short of matches, is it not? The evenings seem to be drawing in now, don't they? Christmas will be here

before we know where we are, will it not? Good night, sir, good night, and many thanks. Oh, by the way, there was one other thing. Might I trouble you to hand over your money and valuables?"

That might ease the strain a little, but nothing could ever make it pleasant for a shy man to do this sort of thing. Suppose you happen to run across somebody who is hard of hearing.

You say "This is a stick-up."

He says "Huh?"

You say "A stick-up."

He says "Huh?"

You say "A stick-up. A STICK-UP. S for Samuel—"

He says "I'm afraid I couldn't tell you. I'm a stranger in these parts myself."

Then what?

But the gravest peril in the path of the young stick-up man, to my mind, is the fatal tendency to get into a rut. Consider the case of the one whom for convenience sake we will call The Phantom. I quote from my daily paper:

"Lazarus Koplowitz and his wife, Bella, live at 60 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, where they operate a candy store. Three times in the last month they have been robbed by the same man, who appears at the same time of day—3.15 p.m.—and threatens them with the same knife. The first time, on February 10, the unwelcome caller took \$10 dollars from Mr. Koplowitz. He returned on Feb. 17 and took \$10 from Mrs. Koplowitz.

Police planted a detective in the rear for some days at the calling hour, then took him away. On Feb. 24 he came back and took \$10."

I see no future for this Phantom. He has become the slave of a habit.

The Answer's in the Negative

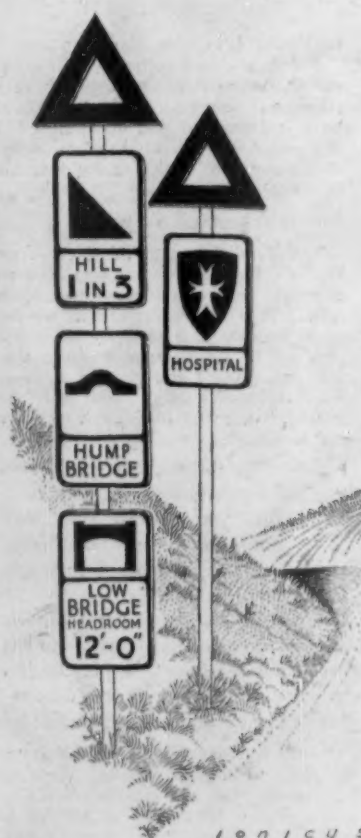
PAINTERS sweat, in cold north light,

To get their pictures truly right:

Photographers are far more wise,

In dark developing their lies.

PATRIC DICKINSON



The Rake's Progress : The Candidate

By RONALD SEARLE



1. **RECOGNITION** Enchants local association with the purity of his ideals. Adopted.



2. **EMERGENCE** Takes Pure ideals to the masses. Stoned.



3. **SUCCESS** Impetuously hires Welfred Pickles and Johnny Roy to speak for him. Trampled on.



4. **TRIUMPH** Elected with vast majority. Thrilled. Fêtes hired Speakers. Takes seat in House.



5. **EXPOSURE** Allegation by 'Cross Bench' of overspending on election starts whispering campaign.



6. **RUIN** Investigated. Charged under Corrupt Practices Act. Unseated. Joins Sunday Pictorial.

None of the People None of the Time

ALL'S fair in love, politics and the entertainment business, but Senator Neuberger, of Oregon, goes a bit far with his Bill saying that when politicians appear on television the viewer must be told whether or not they are wearing make-up. Democrat Neuberger, so it's said, is really hoping to take a crack at Republican Eisenhower, who is thought to sprinkle the Presidential pate with anti-glitter powder before taking it under the arc-lights. But these things cut all ways, and it will serve this Neuberger right if the law gets passed and it turns out that half America's public Democrats have been confronting the cameras behind Dorian Gray masks of non-chip enamel.

However, America is nothing to do with us (that's our story), and politicians on this side are only concerned with a similar move in their own country. It could happen, especially after this, our first real Telelection, when millions of

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

men and women have been heard crying "He sends me!" etc., after a talk by some young slum-clearance Adonis, only to find later that he has more chins than Elsa Maxwell and a below-the-waist profile like a ball in a stocking. The real influence of televised politicians has not been felt in Britain so far. Up to now, when their faces came flickering into our sitting-rooms, the size of a meringue but stretched comically at the edges like a sponge-rubber doll, they have been enough of a novelty to afford entertainment as a mere curiosity. We have barely listened to the dull thud of the cliché, and have certainly never speculated on whether that forceful jaw has, in fact, been built up for the occasion with nose-paste. But shortly it will dawn on us that these are the men whose remarks at Westminster, followed by Renewed Laughter in brackets,

are shaping our destinies and breaking open our wage-packets. By then we may be eager to welcome the Political Television Appearances (Adventitious Aids) Bill.

It will not be an easy Bill to devise, still less to force through, though it may seem simple enough to the sloppy thinker. A brief announcement seems to sum the thing up. "Mr. Macmillan [say], who speaks to-night for the Conservative Party, wears a straightforward juvenile make-up, a grease-paint foundation of numbers five and nine, medium-blue eye-shadow, a touch of carmine on the ear lobes, light brown finishing powder and a little moustache pomade. Mr. Macmillan." But this would merely be the end-product. Consider the problems confronting the parliamentary draftsmen at many an earlier stage. To define "make-up" alone is going to keep them awake at nights. What of the man who habitually filches a dab of his



"I refuse to accept questions from someone standing in the boundaries of another constituency."

wife's skin food, a drop of her discreet depilatory? Does this constitute make-up? There may be statesmen who from their late schooldays have habitually touched up their blond moustaches with a burnt match. Is this make-up? What of hair-oil? Of the styptic pencil? Of the brunette rinse? Again, does the private toupée come into it? If not, some ingenious clause with the words "expressly assumed for purposes of a television performance" will have to be worked in somehow. Are deceptions below the collar-line to stand outside the law? It is no sort of legislation which permits a man to act a lie with his stomach but not his (false) eyelashes.

And consider the individual dilemma for a moment. True, the law, at any rate in its American form, does not expressly forbid the politician to paint his face, only to paint it covertly. But what a terrible choice for a man! To appear with his own squab nose and eye-bags and be written off as an unsavoury freak, or to confess that he has been decorated like a house-front and invite suspicions of even worse dilapidations concealed. The public man about to appear before a public of twelve millions has enough on his plate already, choosing the sympathetic neck-tie and picking the best bits out of other people's speeches, without the hideous ordeal of deciding whether to appear as John Clott, M.P., warts and all, or as a compact of Jack Hawkins, Lee J. Cobb and Bing Crosby.

To take the larger view, whole Governments could tumble over this thing. Imagine a Government with a small and ailing majority (not unknown in recent times) whose members are regularly wheeled, supported or carried into the division lobbies. Under the present system, viewers know nothing of all this. Their heroes are wedged into the studio chair before the cameras get near them, keeping their arthritis or cartilage trouble under the table. There is no hint that only four strong men and a shot in the arm can lift them out of it again. But if the spirit of the Bill is to be respected—and if the parliamentary draftsmen are properly on the job—all stretchers, crutches, pulleys and nostrums will have to parade before the viewers, so that their rulers, actual or potential, can be assessed at their true value. What Government could survive a blow like this?

Let us face all the facts while we are about it. Alcohol. There's a thing. The viewer swept away by the sparkle and fluency of a speaker on school meals and milk, for instance, will accept him as the true man. It is proper to explain that he is not; that the beaming, confident figure throwing off witty statistics like a catherine-wheel is nothing more than a mouth-piece for three large gins, and that the same man challenged at his own breakfast table would fall sulky and silent after an indistinct reference to war not being inevitable.

Another point. If this Bill ever became law it would have to confer upon the B.B.C. interrogators special powers of search, entry and possibly arrest. These could strike deep at the heart of personal liberty and parliamentary privilege: but what use is legislation without power to enforce it? Embarrassing scenes in some overheated Shepherd's Bush ante-room suggest themselves:

Q. There's just this form. I'll complete it and you can sign. I take it that's your own scalp?

A. Yes.

Q. And that it is normally exposed in this way?

A. Except when I have a hat on.

Q. (stiffly). I have to ask these questions. The point is that if you are normally in the habit of wearing false hair the naked head would constitute make-up under the Act.

A. But surely no politician would—?

Q. There is such a thing as an elder statesman complex. We can't be too careful. Own teeth?

A. I—er—



Q. You should have brought dentist's jaw-plans. Please hand them in to your nearest police station within five days. Anything else to declare? Corseting, arch supports, anything of that kind?

A. No. Except—well, it's my tailor. These aren't actually my own shoulders. The—

Q. That'll be taken care of presently in the X-ray room. One last question before you sign. I notice you don't wear glasses. Don't you ever wear glasses?

A. (firmly). Never.

(He rises, gropes his way to the desk, picks up a letter-opener and signs a piece of blotting paper.)

One thing emerges. An irrational significance is attached to appearances these days. When politicians were just paragraphs of close black type, brought dubiously to life by rare engravings in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, the electors neither knew nor cared about cauliflower ears, comical Adam's apples or unsightly facial blemishes. As far as they were concerned the politicians might be living permanently with their heads in a bag. And, in case this Bill never comes to anything on this side after all, what about that for an alternative and not highly revolutionary suggestion?

The Naked and the Red

Soviet artists are for the first time allowed to paint nudes. Initial studies of "strong, sturdy, and muscular collective farm girls undressing," are described by the authorities as a "tribute to the beauty of work."

THE Red academician
Had prudish laws that tied him,
The liberty of Titian
And Rubens was denied him.
But now emancipation
Has given him a tonic—
It isn't deviation
To paint the nude Slavonic.

The strong and sturdy Olga
May shed her People's bodice
And rise up from the Volga
Like Botticelli's goddess.

Indeed the new directive
Considers it the duty
Of girls from the Collective
To flaunt their working beauty.

Which shows that now and then in
The darkness Communist—
Despite the shade of Lenin—
Lurk trends capitalistic.
This comradely concession
Should keep the Western chin up,
It may portend progression
From Stakhanovite to pin-up!

FRED MAJDALANY

Daily ○
M*rr*r

FORWARD
WITH THE
PEOPLE

WHOSE HAND?

**Today
YOUR
hand is
in the
till**



**SEE YOU
KEEP
IT THERE**



VOTE FOR THE PARTY YOU CAN REALLY TRUST

Outlook for Rails

IT is too early to do more than sigh approvingly at the Transport Commission's grandiose modernization scheme for British Railways. True, a large number of orders for new equipment have already been placed with outside contractors, but at £35 million it represents only a drop in the bucket scheduled to hold some £1,200 millions.

The City had already made a speculative assessment of the value of the new contracts and of their probable effect on the profitability of the industrial units concerned, so that the hard news brought no dramatic surge in the price of equities. There was, however, an immediate improvement of 1s. 9d. per share (to 23s. 3d.) in Pressed Steel, which is to produce 27,500 mineral wagons and 100 20-ton bulk grain vans; and Birmingham Railway Carriage and Wagon, with orders for wagons, motored cars, trailer cars and carriages rose a shilling to 28s. The news also helped steel shares generally.

It was obvious enough, when the modernization plan was announced, that the steel industry would be hard pressed to meet the exceptional demand, and that consumers of steel, sheet steel in particular, might find themselves fighting for supplies in a very difficult market. But plans are no more than plans, especially Government plans, and the investor had not allowed his doubts about the prospects of non-priority consumers (if the term is still permissible) to disturb his portfolio. Now, perhaps, he will think again, reconciling his expectations of the progress of railway reconstruction with the latest announcement about the steel industry's development plan, and John Summers' projected extensions at Shotton.

If the current plan works out as expected the supply of British sheet steel will just about match demand by 1958. At present we are importing at the rate of some 300,000 tons a year.

It now seems that the benefits of modernization will become apparent—always assuming that the plans are pursued with vigour—early in the 1960s, and if Mr. Butler's notion of a doubling of the national income in



twenty-five years is to be more than a pipe-dream these benefits must prove as satisfactory to the accountant as to the engineer, technician and efficiency expert. In other words the plan will fail unless the railwaymen allow it to yield cheaper freights.

Inevitably modernization means greater mechanization, the elimination of old skills and a complete readjustment of the wages structure of the service, and at present there is little indication that the trade unions are prepared to accept, or even to consider any wholesale revision of "differentials." It will be easier, one suspects, to convince the unions that the nation cannot afford redundant labour than to win their approval of measures upsetting the time-honoured but anachronistic social stratigraphy of railway employment.

This problem of differentials bedevils

Bound to the Land

THE cherry and the pear stretch into the sun; blossom falls on the lawn; the gnarled wistaria is in flower again, and wax-like buds perch on the magnolia tree. The countryside is at its best, and not only in the gardens: I doubt if the meadows have ever looked so green, or corn appeared in better heart. The whole of England is like a well-cultivated garden. But there is not a village in the whole country to-day that does not contain a most disgruntled family: farmers imprisoned in their farms or smallholders burdened beyond endurance.

One of my neighbours is in that position. He bought his farm of 100 acres in 1944, paying £7,500. To stock it he borrowed a couple of thousand from the bank, and during the last seven years he has spent as much again on improving the property; putting water on to the fields, adding a bathroom, renovating the dairy shippon to conform with TT standards, and doing all those necessities which make such a constant drain on capital.

Like so many people, he went farming during the war; partly because there was a job to be done on the land, partly because it was certainly more pleasant

the whole of British industry and, in my view, will never be resolved until our system of piece-meal wages arbitration is replaced by some kind of national wages board. Yet both sides of industry—and indeed both sides of politics—are rigidly opposed to any interference with what is euphemistically known as "free bargaining."

The railwaymen are in a special position. As employees of an impoverished and nationalized industry they can either resist the implications of modernization and hold the public to ransom, or they can accept the inevitable, lead labour into a peaceful revolution, set a "new" industry on its feet and vastly improve the self-respect and the prospects of those who remain its servants.

MAMMON



than enduring buzz-bombs and V2s. And at the time of rationing, farming looked as if it were the only sensible profession, particularly if you had a family. But most of these people only intended to stay farming until things improved, and as soon as the war ended they began to get fidgety again. The lucky ones sold out before 1950 with a profit, at least on paper. But not when you consider the depreciation in the currency. The unfortunate ones remained—to get a better price, or until they could fix themselves up with another job.

Then suddenly, three years ago, the price of agricultural property began to collapse. This was not because farming did not still pay, but because there were fewer people, and still are, who wished to go farming. We had absorbed the last returning sahib from India; and the optimistic hope of the land agents, that the Mau Mau scare would develop into a wholesale return of colonists looking for farms in England, proved unfounded. Another reason, of course, is that it is not so easy to borrow the money to start. The banks will not lend more than 50 per cent, and their valuers are talking about £50 an acre. Consequently there is not a village in the country which does not contain people who are literally imprisoned in their farms. For were they to sell at current prices they would not even be able to pay off their overdrafts. They see only one hope: another war. An ironical position for many of them, who were conscientious objectors looking for a reserved occupation. They found it—for life.

RONALD DUNCAN





BOOKING OFFICE Celtic Mist

The Letters of W. B. Yeats. Edited by Allan Wade. Hart-Davis, 63/-
Autobiographies. W. B. Yeats. Macmillan, 21/-

ADMIRABLY edited, beautifully produced, the collected letters of W. B. Yeats (1865-1939)—close on a thousand pages of them—induce, in bulk, a sense of tedium. You close the book feeling you have been sitting in a tea-shop for five or six hours, listening to an immensely verbose author describe every detail of the business arrangements he has made, is making, and proposes in the future to make with his publisher, agent and patrons. The tea-shop, for some reason, is the milieu that comes to mind, due possibly to some prim, fussy quality in the writing, and ceaseless pre-occupation with petty negotiation.

And yet Yeats was far from being a boring man. It is perhaps too soon to judge his full stature as a poet, but there can be no doubt that the dimensions are considerable. Certainly he is the sole poet of any real distinction to be produced by Ireland, as a glance through the *Dublin Book of Irish Verse* makes abundantly clear.

On the other hand, if we turn from the letters to *Autobiographies*, most of which was published in a rather different form some thirty years ago, we find all kind of good things; though here, too, are ups and downs. The chapter called "Reveries Over Childhood and Youth" is pleasantly nostalgic, if rather blurred in manner. "The Trembling of the Veil" and "Dramatis Personae" contain absorbing material. "The Country of Sweden," which describes his visit to receive the Nobel Prize, is a shade obsequious.

The truth is that Yeats's romantic approach is only suitable for certain aspects of life. Or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that his is a manner of disorderly life that few lives can stand up to. Bathos sets in. For example, in 1910 Yeats was granted a Civil List pension of £150 a year (a fact for some reason omitted from his record in the *Dictionary of National Biography*). He accepted on condition

that he could continue his political activities as an Irish Nationalist. A few months after we find him at pains to avoid proposing the King's health at a public dinner. Few would grudge a distinguished man of letters a little inconsistency, and, since Yeats was extremely hard up, it was sensible of



him to accept the pension. Equally, in the light of his separatist activities, it would have been difficult for him to show public gratitude to the Sovereign whose government had pensioned him. But these considerations are severely practical, and one cannot help feeling such a situation detracts a little from the high romantic tone he liked to affect.

The best of his memoirs, like the best of his poems, are when he emerges from the Celtic mist. They describe how Yeats was a founder member of the Rhymers' Club in London in the 'nineties, "which for some years used to meet every night in an upper room with a sanded floor in an ancient eating-house in Fleet Street called the Cheshire Cheese. Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson, Victor Plarr, Ernest Radford, John Davidson, Richard le Gallienne, T. W. Rolleston, Selwyn

Image, Edwin Ellis, and John Todhunter came constantly for a time. Arthur Symonds and Herbert Horne less constantly, while William Watson joined but never came and Francis Thompson came once but never joined; and sometimes if we met in a private house, which we did occasionally, Oscar Wilde came. It had been useless to invite him to the Cheshire Cheese, for he hated Bohemia."

Of these circles, Yeats gives a wonderful account, describing the individuals, and conveying with great conviction the literary atmosphere of those days.

He knew, among others, that curious figure MacGregor Mathers, from whom he gleaned some of that occult lore that fascinated him so greatly throughout his whole life. "He was called Liddell Mathers, but soon, under the touch of 'The Celtic Movement,' became MacGregor Mathers, and then plain MacGregor. He was the author of *The Kabbala Unveiled*, and his studies were two only—magic and the theory of war, for he believed himself a born commander."

Later Mathers called himself Comte de Glenstrae and helped to recruit personnel for the Foreign Legion. Then there was the man with the opera hat, his trousers kept up with a bit of rope, who looked like Louis XI and stole fourteen umbrellas at Verlaine's funeral. One might pause long over such figures. Yeats himself was aware that they were shadows before a gathering storm, that

Turning at Turning in the widening
gyre
The falcon cannot see the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot
hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the
world . . .

ANTHONY POWELL

Sausage Saga

A Difficult Young Man. Martin Boyd.
Cresset Press, 12/6

In this, his second story about the English-Australian Langtons, whose latest generation has also a modicum of rarely sadistic Spanish blood, Mr. Boyd is getting under way with one of those

family histories told in novels, rather like a string of sausages, which occur now and then in our literature. They are gratifying to the author who longs to go on telling what happened after the end of book one, but may not be so pleasing to the reader who is expected to remember rather a lot about other people's families and if he were not provided with a sort of table of kindred and affinity might fail to stay the course.

The characters here are alive and make a clear impression, the atmospheres of the various scenes chill or cheer the reader, and the difficult young man, as portrayed by his younger brother, is difficult enough to make it certain that marriage will not put an end to his difficulty but provide fresh opportunities for displaying it, in another sausage.

B. E. S.

Dark Dominion. David Duncan. *Heinemann*, 9/6

This novel is credible, and the alarming thought that it could become a reality within a few decades leaves the reader with the fervent hope that the necessary scientific steps will be discovered by a nation with peaceful intentions. The author reveals an understanding of the problems of space travel, but there is also a fair measure of human relationships. The friction in these is the natural concomitant of life in a community confined, for security reasons, to the area of the project, the only contact with the world outside being strictly censored mail. The book will appeal more to the reader in his late adolescence than to a sexagenarian.

A. V.

Trial by Sasswood. Esther Warner. *Gollancz*, 15/-

One of the writer's Liberian servants who has been sent on a journey of seven sundowns to buy a chimpanzee turns up three months later with a mouthful of lies but neither cash nor chimp. To clear him from woeful disgrace his mistress is persuaded to visit the scene of his misfortunes, travelling, rainy season, malaria, seven sundowns and all, through tropical forest on foot and without white companions, her toughest moment arriving when benighted beside a ghost-haunted

river she has to swim ahead with her torch before her terror-paralyzed retinue will advance. At the end innocence is triumphantly established on solid evidence confirmed by an ordeal of boiling oil.

This sufficiently unusual story is enriched by fascinating conversations with her black friends—pidgin English mixed with Shakespeare, perhaps a little improved in recollection—even the witch-doctor being won over by "Mommio's" freedom from white man's condescension. Marred though it is by some elemental African grubbiness, the recital, reminiscent of Mary Kingsley working in the same country, has genuinely moving qualities of intermingling affection and surprise.

C. C. P.

Samuel Johnson. Michael Joyce. (Men and Books). *Longmans*, 10/6

Whoever undertakes a new book about Doctor Johnson has two particular problems to face. There is Boswell, who obviously cannot be treated as just one among several equivalent authorities, yet must not be allowed to steal the show. And there is the paradox that, while Johnson is unquestionably a great figure in literature, very little that he wrote is now much read and a good deal of it is not very readable. Mr. Michael Joyce proves equal to both these challenges. Boswell, though never denying his pre-eminence as a biographer or his own debt to him, he reduces to his true proportions in relation to his hero. The works he assesses on their merits, scrupulously disengaging from the dross in them the virtues which justify their author's fame.

For the rest, he brings a fresh eye to bear on a familiar scene, and in exploring the complexities of Johnson's character, while he does not disdain the findings of the psychologists, relies mainly, and with acceptable results, on his own intelligence and common sense. F. B.

The Beckoning Lady. Margery Allingham. *Chatto and Windus*, 11/6

Miss Allingham's writing is beginning to give me the feeling of having my nose too close to the canvas. Her new book (death, inter alia, of a thin-skulled freelance income-tax collector) is a continual entertainment to read and has a large and excellent cast of characters in the probable-impossible class; but it's nothing like as impressive as *Traitor's Purse* or *Tiger in the Smoke*, largely because it doesn't set out to be but also partly because she manages to pass on to the reader rather more than his share of her cleverly contrived no-one-knows-quite - what's - happening atmosphere. What is happening is Machinations in an idyllic country setting, and by the end all is known, except by the reader who is so delighted with the incidental detail that he happens to have skipped the relevant couple of paragraphs in the middle of the book. F. D.



"And that's it for to-night—another thirty bobs' worth of sweated meteorology."

AT THE PLAY

The Lark
(LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)
The Lovers (WINTER GARDEN)

A NOUILH travels better than most French dramatists, but I was considerably more moved by his *Joan of Arc* play in Paris than in London. *The Lark* is not one of his airy pieces, but a solid job built to stand up to a journey, and CHRISTOPHER FRY has translated it so carefully that I don't think the fault lies with him, nor with PETER BROOK, whose strong and simple handling of the play is clearly modelled on the original production. The attack of the ecclesiastical team is as varied and formidable at Hammersmith as in Paris; so that one is driven to consider the difference between SUZANNE FLON and DOROTHY TUTIN. Mlle. FLON seemed to me to play Joan as Peggy Ashcroft might have played her, with a burning innocence that shrivelled theology, as if with a blow-lamp, and with an inner force which compelled belief in her power to lead the toughest of men anywhere. It is an immensely long part, and very testing, and I felt she came through it wonderfully.

Miss TUTIN is without the sturdiness to fill it out. In her lighter scenes she is apt to be kittenish, giving the impression that the little village girl hasn't learned much from her astonishing adventures;

PUNCH SUMMER NUMBER

NEXT Wednesday's issue is the Summer Number, and it is priced at a shilling. It contains extra pages—some of them in colour. Ronald Searle and Richard Usborne have brought Ulysses up to date as a four-page strip cartoon, and among the other contributions are a new poem by John Betjeman and a new short story by John Steinbeck.

If you do not have a regular order for PUNCH you should ask your newsagent to reserve a copy for you.

ELECTION CROSSWORD SOLUTION

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and sometimes her invention seems to flag, as in her long soliloquy in prison. She has the gift of communicating complete sincerity by the most honest means, and this directness serves her well when facing up to the chilly sadism of the Inquisitor, as it also does in her gentler dealings with the kindly old Bishop. Through the trial one gets the sense of a small uncomprehending creature caught up in a cruelly complicated trap, only it touches us less than it should because the performance lacks some of the drive, the toughness of spirit, without which Joan could never have succeeded.

ANOUILH follows Shaw pretty closely, except that he is interested in Joan as a rare human being rather than a saint, and except that he uses a different method and contrives a happy ending. The flashbacks of her earlier life which are interspersed through the trial are managed extremely adroitly, but often they lower the tension, so that we lose the steadily developing drama that we get in Shaw. *The Lark* is a fine play, very fairly balanced, but in emotional and intellectual excitement it falls well short of *St. Joan*. Like *St. Joan*, it goes on a little too long, and its ending is an anti-climax.

Apart from an occasional phrase carrying his own hall-mark, Mr. FRY has been content to follow the original, in quietly distinguished prose. The key positions in the cast are excellently held, though Joan's family and the soldiery go for less than they did in Paris. MICHAEL GOODLIFE is terrifying as the Inquisitor,

a fanatic with an icy hatred of humanity. LAURENCE NAISMITH gives a beautiful performance as the Bishop doing his best for Joan, and LEO MCKERN spares the Promoter nothing in a twisted monkish mind. By a shrewd piece of casting DONALD PLEASANCE plays the Dauphin, very amusingly as a coward clever enough to take a satirical pleasure in his own eccentric futility; DAVID BIRD makes De Beaudricourt an entertaining humbug, and RICHARD JOHNSON's Warwick is a neat caricature of the Englishman who used to imagine that he owned the world. In a very simple set JEAN-DENIS MALCLÈS finds surprising variety.

ZOLA's *Thérèse Raquin* is a magnet for adapters, and this time MARCELLE-MAURETTE's version has been translated by JULIET MANSEL and ROBIN KING as *The Lovers*. A squalid play about squalid people, it has nothing more to tell us about ourselves than that given passion and ruthlessness in a sufficient degree crime follows and is paid for. No sympathy of any sort is asked. But for the violence of the situations, a clinical interest in bestiality would be all we could feel; as it is the clash of passion is never on the grand scale. The deep animal forces in *Thérèse* are powerfully suggested by EVA BARTOK in the early part of the play, but once they are unlocked she cannot control them, and then her English suffers. And SAM WANAMAKER's dull, tired Laurent never appears the man to break up even the flimsiest home. The best acting comes from HELEN HAYE, a notable Madame

Raquin though somewhat aristocratic for the Pont Neuf Passage, and from BRIAN OULTON as Camille, *Thérèse's* milk-sop husband. In a patchy evening there is at least no doubt that we are in Paris, thanks to the accuracy and ingenuity of GEORGES WAKHEVITCH's sets.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The two parts of *Henry IV* (Old Vic—11/5/55) are at present the best Shakespearean productions in the country. *The Matchmaker* (Haymarket—10/11/54) remains the neatest farce.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE DRESS SHOW

Men's Fashion Council:
1955 Collection

ONCE a year for the past four years Savile Row has cast aside its traditional reticence and staged a fashion show. The Men's Fashion Council was founded in 1946 to combat the effects on English tailoring of clothes rationing and utility suits; but it was eight years before the twelve members—Merchant Tailors all—took the first bold stride out of sheltered anonymity into the wide, wide world of publicity.

As with all castings aside of reticence and modesty, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. It is of no moment now to discuss whether their first step was in the right direction or not. It is a thing accomplished, and there is no holding them now. Each year, with gathering courage, they have presented something a little more daring than before, a little more different.

Very daring and very different as the 1955 Collection is, it does not mean that we shall see anything noticeably new in the City or the West End. With the Englishman and his tailoring, it is not a case of giving him an inch and he will take an ell, he must be offered an ell before he will budge an inch from what he has worn before. Therefore, if some of the suits shown seemed definitely ell-ish, we must realize that their purpose is merely to bring about one or two slight changes in masculine styles.

Thus we may ignore the royal blue evening dress suit which, handsome as it was on the model, would ensure its wearer of being taken for a commissionaire; ignore also the cruise evening suit with its pale-blue cut-away mess jacket and white watered-silk waistcoat, the wearer of which, from the back view, would be thought to be a bell-hop. But we may consider the attraction for informal evenings of the sundown jackets, in Cambridge blue or gold-dust, worn with dinner-jacket trousers. These represent an exhumation of the smoking jacket, but single-breasted, and formally tailored in debonair doekin.

It must be born in mind that an important section of Savile Row's clients come from abroad. The pale-blue



Joan—DOROTHY TUTIN

Charles—DONALD PLEASANCE

(*The Lark*)

Bermuda suit would not be outside the pale to dwellers from sunnier lands; it is just the kind of thing they are used to, but cut and tailored with a restraint to which they are singularly unaccustomed. The shooting suit (knickerbocker breeches and fly-fronted jacket buttoning to the neck) is a trophy smacking, for the visitor from the New World, of Sandringham and Balmoral. The City suit with its infinitely light-weight black Shetland jacket and vest might not be spoilt, for some who come, by its startling sponge-bag trousers.

To the Englishman it is only the trends which are of any consequence: the continuing tendency for trousers to tighten and narrow, helped by the abolishing of pleats; the crescent slit-pockets to jackets; the U-shape of evening waistcoats; the restoration of brown to favour and the emboldening of pin stripes; the tendency of three-piece suits to be single breasted, of covert overcoats, from being short and shorter, to become the shortest yet—well above the knee.

Country suits, town suits, sundown suits, cruise suits, City suits—but no House of Commons suit for the coming new M.P.s. Savile Row's exercises in public relations do not include topicality.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

AT THE PICTURES



*Such Men Are Dangerous
Three for the Show*

IT struck me as somehow typical and symptomatic, in *Such Men Are Dangerous* (Director: HENRY HATHAWAY), that when we were given a sight of a number of foreign newspapers reporting on some motor-racing event—I forget, to be candid, exactly what it was—the headlines were in English. The quicker readers among us were able to notice that all the surrounding matter was in French, or Italian, or whatever; but obviously the thought that there would be any quick readers among us, who might be bothered by such details, had been regarded by the film-makers as utterly unimportant.

This is a story (from the novel by HANS RUESCH, *The Racers*) about motor-racing: about—as a portentous voice behind the credit titles observes—"the gods of the road, adored by millions." It has a number of very good players—KIRK DOUGLAS, GILBERT ROLAND, LEE J. COBB, KATY JURADO—and a director who has in his time made excellent films; and it is, in detail, excellently made. But the basic story is . . . corny is the only word. This is the one about the "prima donna" driver who wants to be at the top no matter what it may cost.

There is also the point about the women who anxiously wait while their men live dangerously. I overheard the solid man behind me remarking with surprised approval half-way through that it was a "splendid story," so from a



[Such Men Are Dangerous]

Gino Borgese—KIRK DOUGLAS

Nicole Laurent—BELLA DARVI

commercial point of view it may be that the producers have the right idea.

But the value, the really absorbing quality about the picture that keeps one in one's seat, is supplied by the admirable CinemaScope pictures of the racing itself—including those that take one in the back seat of a car in one of the famous races. We take part in the Naples Grand Prix, the Mille Miglia (so recently in the news), and other celebrated occasions that I don't off-hand remember; and the feeling of taking part, as well as the detail of the work in the pits, is conveyed very well indeed. Let's face it, this has nothing to do with art; but as sheer entertainment it is profoundly effective, even for people who regret the invention of the internal combustion engine.

The most startling thing about *Three for the Show* (Director: H. C. POTTER) is to read among the credit titles—as I did some time after seeing the film—that the script was "based on a play by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM." By taking thought, I suppose, I could work out which one; but at the moment it seems unlikely. To the casual eye this is a sumptuously mounted show-business musical, with an idea that Mr. MAUGHAM may indeed have used, but not—I'd make a large bet—in anything like this way.

The idea is, as adapted here, that a musical-comedy star (BETTY GRABLE), having heard two or three years ago that her husband Marty (JACK LEMMON) was dead, has married his writing partner Vernon (GOWER CHAMPION) some time before Marty reappears eager to take up where he left off. This situation is used

to provide opportunities for a lot of elaborate and less elaborate musical numbers, the elaborate ones being presented as dream sequences and the less elaborate as rehearsals ("No, no!" and "Hold it!" and "Take five, kids") and auditions. There are also some that they haven't bothered to find any credible excuse for, like one of the best and most amusing, a dance by all three principals all over the glittering apartment that both the men regard as home. After the notion of a girl with two husbands has been milked for all it is worth, the thing is rounded off by Vernon's discovery that he really loves Gwen (MARGE CHAMPION), with whom he has been dancing from time to time in some of the more decorated scenes.

This too is in CinemaScope; much of it is very well worth looking at, much of it is tuneful and amusing; but I must say I wonder what Mr. MAUGHAM thinks.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Beach is a good Franco-Italian film (*La Pensionnaire*)—about a prostitute but satirical, and amusing in detail: a most refreshing change from the customary treatment of this sort of theme. Also in London: *Run for Cover* (11/5/55), quite a good Western enlivened by JAMES CAGNEY. *The Vanishing Prairie* (20/4/55) continues.

Top new release: the very enjoyable *The Constant Husband* (4/5/55). Two others quite worth seeing are a Western with SPENCER TRACY, *Broken Lance* (24/11/54), and *Passage Home* (27/4/55).

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Drama by Degrees

I AM beginning to entertain the notion that there is after all some real justification for serials in broadcasting, and the instigator of this novel line of thought is the current TV thriller—now at its dénouement—"The Mulberry Accelerator."

The early literary serials taught people to read, allowed Dickens and others to live comfortably from hand to mouth, and taught publishers the economics of the best-seller. Cinema serials fostered the picture-going habit and helped Hollywood to master the art of depicting "suspense." Sound radio serials have taught people to listen.

As an art form the serial has little to commend it. If the material is good we are left dissatisfied by every brief instalment, irritated and frustrated by the artificial caesura: if the material is poor—the normal state of affairs—interest is aroused solely by the dubious device of tying the tail with irrational knots. I am aware that many people like serials as "something to look forward to," which is really to admit that many people like to have their lives planned for them. I am also aware that lonely souls find in certain serials an acceptable substitute for the gossip of everyday life, even for friendship. But considered purely on its merits as a vehicle of art and entertainment the serial must surely get very low marks.

Where then is this "real justification?" In the fact that serialization gives writers, producers and performers a chance to acquire polish. The trouble with our B.B.C. is that it turns out too much of everything, that it is forever working overtime to get its goods on the market.



[The River Line

Philip Sturgess—JAMES DONALD; Marie Chassagne—ROSALIE CRUTCHLEY; Julian Higburton—ROBERT HARRIS; Valerie Barton—SARAH LAWSON

I do not believe that enough creative talent exists to ensure good listening round the clock and good viewing nightly from 7.30 p.m. to 10.30, and I doubt whether one programme in ten goes on the air adequately pruned, weeded and rehearsed.

The serial allows the creative team to revert from mass production to craftsmanship. Writers have time to add gloss to their lines, actors are faced with less exacting demands on the memory, and producers have time to think twice about shape and pattern. Yes, there is something to be said for serials.

"The Mulberry Accelerator" would not, I think, succeed as a straight, continuous theatrical venture: it is not strong enough in plot and is too conventional in characterization to stand up to an hour and a half of critical attention. But we can enjoy repeated doses, at intervals, of Donald Wilson's whimsy, intrigue and sense of crisis, and we can enjoy them all

the more because they are laced with excellent, highly-finished dialogue.

Charles Morgan's *The River Line* is exactly the type of play to delight the vast Sunday night television audience. For those who enjoy melodrama and startling coincidence this tale of escape and sudden death is a most satisfying dish; and for those who like their tears to spring from lugubrious heart-searching and sad, ineffectual answers to the question "Who am I?" there is a mass of cosy suburban metaphysical talk.

I found the melodrama distinguished, the unrelieved gloom and tension a brilliant technical achievement, but I was too dull-witted to see more than elegant padding in the play's ruminative stretches.

The cast was beyond reproach. Sarah Lawson (as Valerie) was the embodiment of the inward and spiritual grace demanded by her rôle as bereaved sister and lovelorn maid, John Westbrook ("Heron") somehow contrived to appear a paragon of headstrong virtue and the inevitable "suspicious character," and Rosalie Crutchley, James Donald, Robert Harris and Jacques Brunius played their more conventional parts with immense conviction. All told, this was a TV triumph.

Finally, a word or two about the Cup Final, a programme that delights millions and demonstrates the boon of television in the most direct manner possible. Those who handle the outside telecasts have become so expert that we now take their skill for granted. We see all, miss nothing, and are never conscious of the apparatus of communication. A round of applause then for Alan Chivers and his team of technicians.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DOUGLAS.

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COMPANY MEETING

NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO. LTD.

MR. P. G. ROBERTS' STATEMENT

The 73rd Annual General Meeting of Newton, Chambers and Company, Limited was held on May 12 at the Company's registered office at Thorncliffe, near Sheffield, Mr. P. G. Roberts, M.A. (the Chairman), presiding.

The following is an extract from the Chairman's circulated statement:—

The profit for the year before taxation was £768,015, an increase of £41,958 over the 1953 figure of £726,057. It should be noted that this profit has been made after charging £92,650 as an addition to the Reserve for Replacement of Fixed Assets.

The net profit totalled £306,505 against £145,175 in 1953 and after including profits of earlier years of £11,233 there is available for distribution £317,738 compared with £163,290 in the previous year. This increase is almost wholly due to the cessation of Excess Profits Levy, but despite this valuable relief, which industry has welcomed, our contribution to the Exchequer will be over £460,000 or some 60 per cent of the year's profit. This burden is the heavier because the amount which it is necessary to set aside to provide for the additional cost of replacing the Company's buildings and plant, as a result of the rise in prices since 1939, is not allowed as a deduction when taxable profits are computed. The advantage of this reserve which now amounts to £766,907 is indicated by the fact that the present price of plant purchased in 1945 is twice the original cost and for plant purchased immediately prior to the war over three times.

Your Directors have proposed to allocate the profit as follows:—

EMPLOYEES PROFIT SHARE.—Not only has the gross trading profit shown a further increase over the 1953 figure, but also your Directors felt that it was right that employees should benefit from the reduction in taxation to which I have already referred. They decided, therefore, to increase the profit share bonus for 1954 from one week to 1½ weeks wages, and this was distributed to all employees last Christmas.

DIVIDEND.—Your Directors recommend a final dividend of 9 per cent, making 15 per cent, for the year.

In May, 1954, the Preference Shares were converted into Ordinary Shares and the Issued Share Capital increased to £2,000,000 by the capitalisation of certain reserves and the accompanying Balance Sheet shows the effect of this reconstruction on the Company's Capital and Reserves.

During the year also the whole of the compensation in respect of the Company's holding in Thorncliffe Coal Distillation Limited, amounting to £750,708, was received. This has considerably strengthened the Company's liquid position inasmuch as the Bank Overdraft has been reduced by almost £350,000, and we also hold Tax Reserve Certificates to the value of £370,000.

Current assets at £3,779,376 now exceed current liabilities by £2,288,707, giving a cover of over two and a half times, which represents a considerable improvement over the position a year ago.

The Directors have continued their policy of re-equipping, modernizing, and extending the works and production facilities. As a result, capital expenditure during the year amounted to £225,738, compared with £148,471 in 1953. At the date of the Accounts we were committed to further capital expenditure of £230,469, and our programme over the next three years will call for the expenditure of considerably larger sums and will absorb the whole of the compensation we will receive in connection with our Collieries.

In spite of more intensive competition in all fields the Company has more than maintained the record turnover of the previous year and increased its profit.

Since the end of the year under review the majority of our employees have had a further increase in wages and salaries with the result that our costs increase as competition becomes keener. Your Directors have this problem constantly before them and are seeking not only fresh outlets for the Company's products but also new and more profitable fields in which to develop and expand.

The report was adopted.



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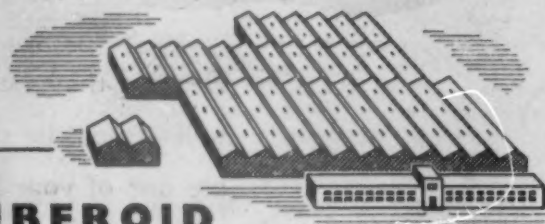


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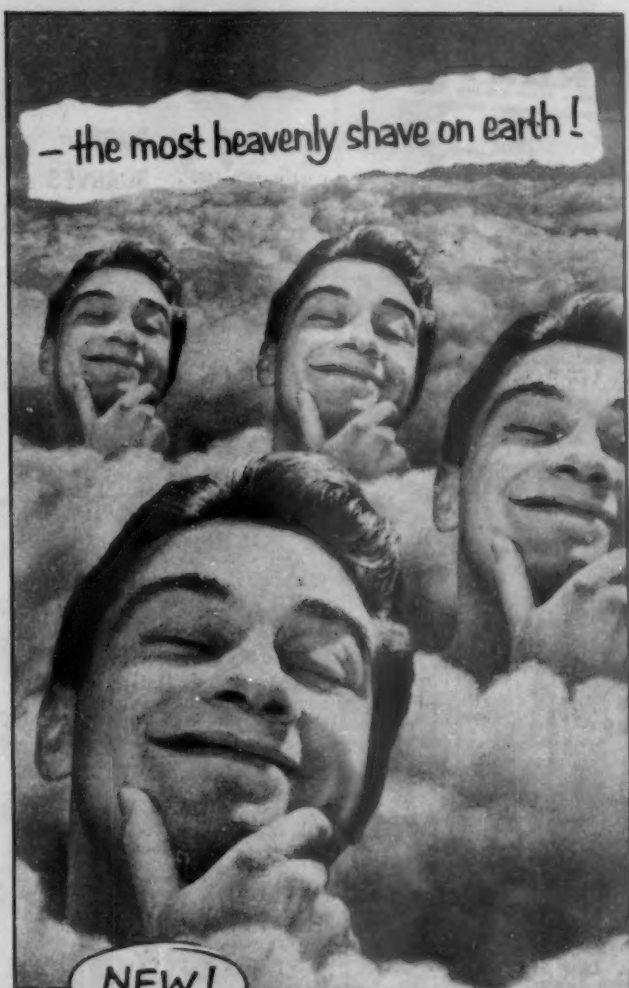
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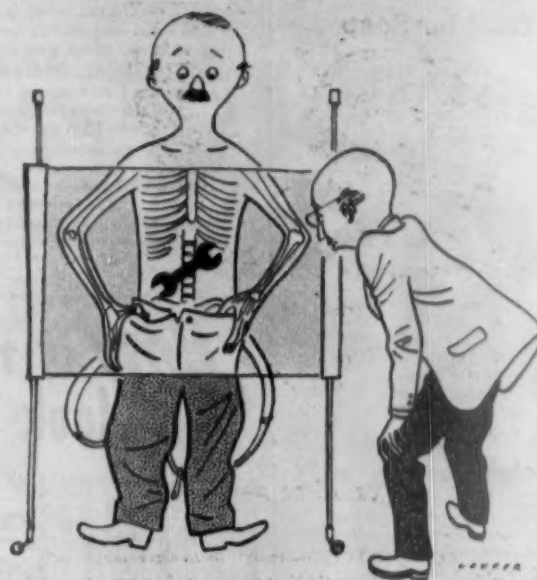
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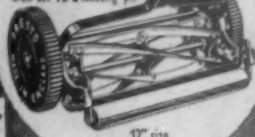
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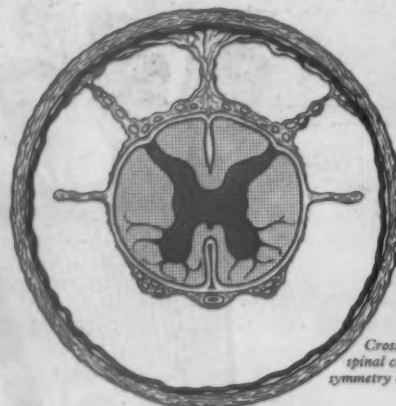
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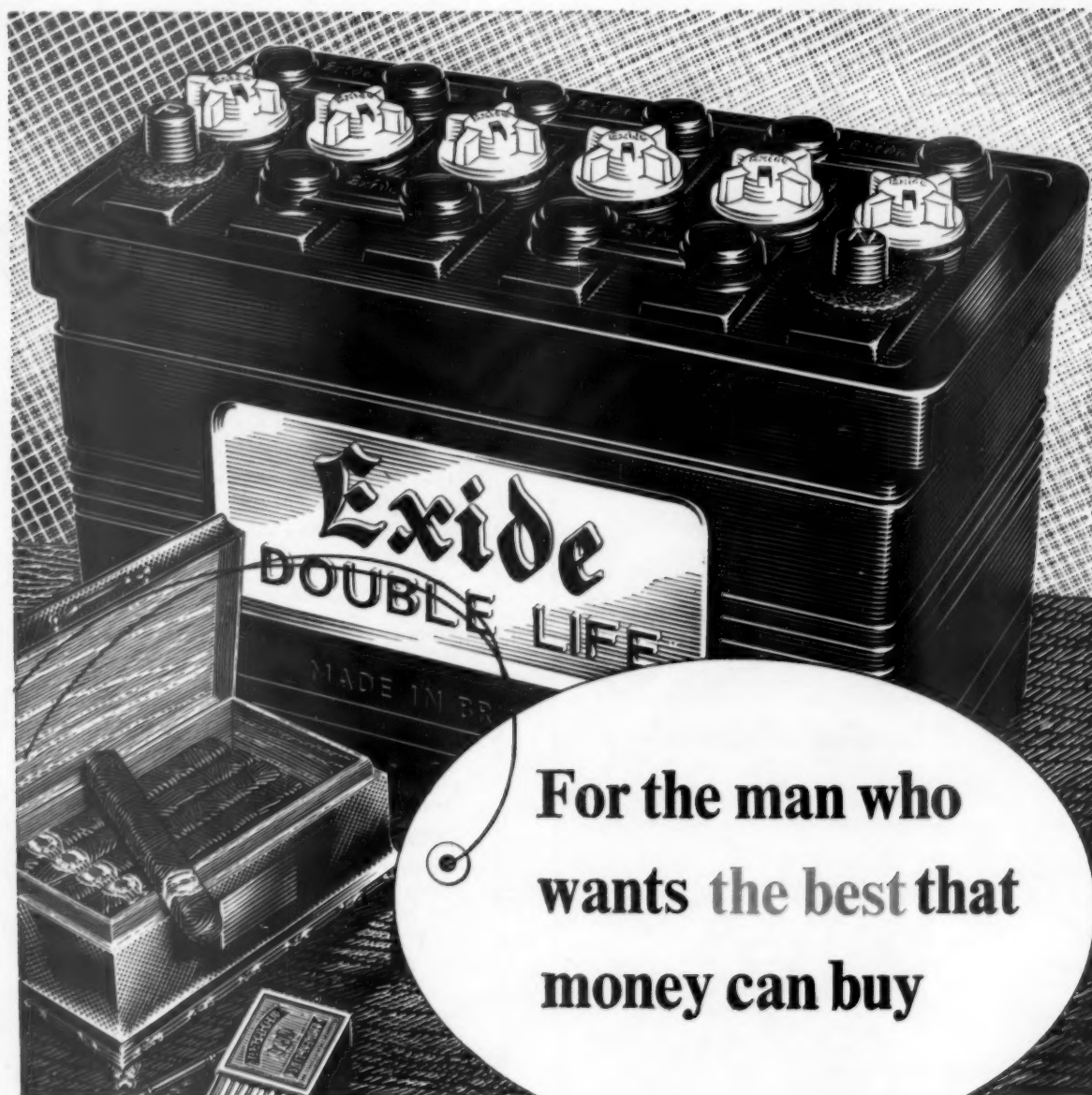
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